

OSIRUS

JOSEPH J. COUGHLIN



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OSIRUS

AND OTHER POEMS

JOSEPH J. COUGHLIN



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OSIRUS

In the purple dusk of even when the twilight soft
is falling

And the lengthening Autumn shadows in the
sombre forest loom,

When the zephyr's mournful whispers in low ca-
dences are calling

And daylight fast is merging into solemnness and
gloom,

Sits the old Osirus crooning o'er sad youthful visions
fleeting

Through his agèd brain, as wearily bows he his
hoary head,

While ceaselessly within his breast his withered
heart is beating

As the last spark slowly dying in a watch-fire that
is dead.

Stands before him like a monument of youthful
scenes departed

Nature's vast primeval forests, clad in Spring-
tide's mild array;

And misty tears of sorrow to his weary eyes have
started

As hushed in drowsy silence fades the grandeur
of the day.

Ah! his vision oft has wandered to that vain and
hapless region

Where manhood first had wakened in a breast
that knew no fear;

Where his youthful joys were many, and his manly
woes a legion.

All have come to taunt his presence now, when
lurking Death is near.

There, a stripling, tall and slender of the Massa-
chusetts nation,
Had he wandered through their tangled depths
full many moons ago.
A perfect type of redman, noblest of his God's crea-
tion,
Beloved by all his people, hated by his people's
foe
Fleet of foot was he and agile as the deer upon the
border,
Swift his arrow as the lightning from the darken-
ing clouds above.
Fled the foe before his tomahawk in fear and wild
disorder;
Trained his noble breast to mercy and his yearn-
ing heart to love.

In the wild haunts of the woodland oft his nimble
footsteps roaming
Startled from their drowsy slumbers weird and
savage beasts of prey,
Whose burning orbs gleamed baleful in the twi-
light's dusky gloaming
As their angry cries re-echoed in the softly dying
day.
Swift upon its journey fleeting from his ever faith-
ful quiver,
Sped the arrow always ready at the youthful
brave's command;
One mighty upward motion, one long convulsive
shiver,
And another foe had fallen by that strong, un-
erring hand.

Thus the Springtime of existence charming years of
youthful gladness,
Like the breath of cherished memories onward
sped in golden flight.

Ah! how swiftly doth our pleasures yield to mourning
grief and sadness

Like the waning of the summer moon in starlit
fields of night;

Or the blaze of autumn glory o'er the western hills
descending,

Scarcely hallowing with saintly touch the part-
ing realms of day,

Ere the hollow roar of thunder mars the day's de-
lightful ending

And the darkening clouds are riven by the light-
ning's maddening play.

In the golden gleam of sunset by the Shawsheen's
murmuring water,

In the years that are but memory now he wan-
dered long ago

To woo the gentle Ora, Narragansett's fairest
daughter,

Beloved of young Osirus, yet the offspring of his
foe.

There their simple troth was plighted mid the pale
declining splendor

Of the long autumnal twilight rich in Indian
Summer skies;

When the lovers' ardent glances and words so soft
and tender

Boast their answer in the radiant glow of the
dusky maiden's eyes.

Yea; the sturdy son of Indu, famed for deeds of
strength and daring,

Had won the Princess Ora, though by her father
hated.

When the dark primeval forest Autumn's sober garb
was wearing,

And the wooing thrush of summer long since had
happily mated,

Then didst Osirus harken to a voice that spake
unto him

In the rushing of the north wind borne along the
the sombre night.

"Wed; for thou must hasten," spake the subtle
voice that knew him;

"Take thy bride and hurry northward; follow
fast the eagle's flight."

But he heeded not the warning, for his home to
him was dearer

Than the thought of fleeing northward as a cow-
ard in the night.

Thus as he sat and pondered that warning voice
grew nearer:

"Take thy Ora! Hasten northward, ere her
dead form blast thy sight."

Still he lingered on, unhappy for the spirit voice
distressed him,

Yet he could not bear his people thus to scorn
his craven heart.

So while he sat and listened, the more his grief op-
pressed him

Till the musings deep within him forced the bit-
ter tears to start.

By the Shawsheen's banks he wandered as the twi-
light shades were falling,

And his heart had grown heavy with the thoughts
of constant strife;

While across the gloomy waters that voice was ever
calling:

"Take thy Ora! Hasten northward if you wish
her for a wife."

Rose his boyhood now before him as a dream he e'er
would cherish,

And the scenes of youthful pleasure flashed before
his longing view.

Must he leave the haunts that knew him; must they
all forever perish

With the dawning of the morrow when the eagle
northward flew!

Ah! the thought was agonizing, and his nimble feet
grown weary

Sank he down in peaceful slumber where the
winds were crooning low,

While above him gleaming sadly in their clouded
fields so dreary,

The myriad eyes of heaven watched him with
a tender glow.

Long he slept, and sad his dreams were as the blight
of heaven falling

On all that had been rendered, ah! so pleasing
to her eyes

From the dale of verdant beauty where the nightin-
gale was calling,

To the gilded autumn woodlands where fair Na-
ture rarest lies.

Or, as the hand of Winter, stretching forth its icy
fingers,

Chills the atmosphere of autumn; mars its soft
and melting haze.

Crushing 'neath their grasp infernal the every joy
that lingers

In the dying fields of summer, left to soothe the
longing gaze.

Or, as the brooding darkness when the day is softly
waning

Creeps into the guileless heavens where the crim-
son sunset lies,

And from stealthy clouds now forming the wrath
of God is reigning,

Where the tempest fierce is raging 'neath the
stern and threatening skies.

Saw he his Ora lying where the Shawsheen deep
was flowing
Onward swiftly through the woodland with a
stern and crimson tide;
And the gentle face was mangled that once with love
was glowing,
While her life's blood fast was ebbing in a tor-
rent by her side.
And around her in the forest was a mighty host now
lying
Of brave and stalwart redmen, once the nation's
sturdy pride.
While the death song weirdly chanted rose in mur-
murs from the dying
Ere the pale lips closed forever and each haughty
spirit died.

Among the dead and dying could he see familiar fea-
tures
Of comrades who had followed him on many a
weary chase
On the battleground now lying, bereft, unhappy
creatures,
With the mark of the grim tomahawk upon each
silent face.
And beside them lay the foemen, yea; the pride of
Ora's nation,
In countless numbers fallen by the crimson flow-
ing stream.
Could it be that war had dawned upon one mighty
God's creation,
Or was it but the fancy of the redman's vivid
dream!

Still on Osirus slumbered, and where the blood like
water
Streamed into the flowing river beheld he a fear-
ful sight.

The hand of Ora's father embraced his slain daughter,
For the chieftain, too, had fallen in that stern and bitter fight.
His stout arm clutched a dagger, red with his life's blood streaming
From a wound had he inflicted in his massive, brawny side.
And his features stern and rigid with a ghastly light were gleaming;
Thus had Satanta perished; by his own hand had he died.

As Osirus gazed, he harkened to a sweet voice sadly sighing
Like the murmur of the southwind through the branches overhead:
"Osirus! Oh, Osirus!" was that spirit voice now crying,
And beheld he gentle Ora rising from the field of dead.
Thrice she beckoned to her lover and her voice was one of pleading,
But he answered not for terror still held speechless his tongue.
His limbs were palsy stricken and he gazed at her unheeding,
While his brave heart, sunk within him, with a mortal woe was wrung.

Thrice again she beckoned sadly and her voice each time grew weaker
As with ghastly step and painful she glided toward him now.
But still Osirus moved not and answered not the speaker
While a cold sweat gathered swiftly on the Massachusetts' brow.

With hands outstretched before her gazed she in
mute appealing,
Then the stillness for the last time her voice in
sorrow broke:
"Oh, Osirus!" still she pleaded and saw he her fig-
ure reeling,
While the blood streamed down her bosom in
mad torrents as she spoke.

With a mighty cry of horror burst he the spell that
bound him,
And waking from his slumbers, started swiftly
to his feet.
'Twas midnight, and the forest in darkness stretched
around him;
All was silent save the rippling of the Shawsheen
in retreat.
Above him in the heavens was the pale moon slowly
waning,
And the laughing stars so tenderly peered from
the azure skies,
O'er all the solemn world it seemed a gentle peace
was reigning,
And the earth, so calm and tranquil, ne'er was
fairer to his eyes.
But that vision had unnerved him and at every
sound he started,
E'en the whisper of the night wind filled his soul
with haunting fear,
As with slow and stealthy footsteps like the ghost
of one departed
Crept he in anguished silence toward his wigwam
lying near.
For his heart e'er stout and cheerful was filled
alas! with sorrow,
And at every fleeting moment his youthful fear
grew.

Was a curse about to blast him? What would hap-
pen on the morrow
If he failed to heed that warning when the eagle
northward flew?

Upon the robes beneath him, with a sigh of bitter
grieving,
Cast he his restless body and sought again to
sleep
E'en as the shades of darkness the morning sky were
leaving,
And faintly in its eastern path the sun began to
creep,
To and fro upon his pillow tossed he in restless
fever
For his mind with woe was heavy and knew he
no soothing rest.
He must hasten to his Ora for his absence deep
would grieve her,
And fain would he tell that secret locked within
his stalwart breast.

For deeply had that vision of his slain love im-
pressed him
With the warning that the spirit voice had spoken
what was true;
He must hasten with her northward though again
the thought distressed him,
Like a base and cringing coward when the eagle
thither flew.
In his anguish oft he pictured the just scorn of his
nation
As in disgusted silence bore they his shameful
flight,
How each sneering face condemned him; how they
cursed his base creation
E'en as once they praised his agile foot, his daring
and his might.

Ah! how would his sire Indu whom no fear had
 ever daunted,
 Bear the stern, unhappy tidings of his cherished
 son's disgrace.
He, whose youthful strength and cunning had he
 often proudly vaunted
 With the deep love of a father before his stalwart
 race.
Passing years and bitter hardships had yielded much
 of sorrow
 To the aged and withered Indu, once a young and
 sturdy brave;
And from his youthful offspring alone sought he to
 borrow
Pride to cheer his tottering footsteps toward the
 dreary, yawning grave.

Yea; Osirus was his idol and now when worn and
 weary
 With life's cares about him falling as leaves on
 barren ground,
Must the fretful years of old age e'er to him be
 rendered dreary
 In the pursuit of a happiness that never could
 be found.
Must the son on whom he lavished all a parent's
 fond caresses
 Taint the honored name of Indu with a deep and
 foul disgrace?
Must he live to bear the burden of a thought that
 e'er distresses;
 Yea, the memory of dishonor wrought by him
 upon his race.

Thus Osirus mused in sorrow for loved he his father
 dearly
 E'en as in the early autumn longed he so, to de-
 part

On the hunt beyond the Shawsheen held by his
people yearly,

And his conscience spurned the deed he knew
would break his sire's heart.

But loved he also Ora to the verge e'en of distraction,

And had not that spirit warning bade him take
her for a wife?

He would go; aye, let his people upbraid him for
his action

Ah! his love to him was dearer than his honor or
his life.

But he hesitated sadly and in silence keenly listened

To the sighing of the breezes all round his lonely
tent,

Then his manly face grew thoughtful and his eyes
with fervor glistened

For a warning shout that moment had the morning
air rent;

And ere had he arisen a strange and weird commotion

Seized upon his native village while the war chant
loudly pealed.

Forgotten were his musings now, as with a brave's
devotion

Seized he his trusty weapons and started for the
field.

A scene of wildest clamor rose before him as he
parted

The stout folds of his wigwam, peering warily
without.

High in the lovely heavens the risen sun had
started,

And a gentle breeze was wafted from the wood-
lands to the South.

But he heeded not the splendor of Aurora's guile-
less beauty

For the gathering of his comrades told him of the
battle near.

Ever ready as the savage is to do his bounden duty

Joined he them though his stout heart for the
first time beat with fear.

For again saw he that vision and again heard he that
warning,

And the thought of pending sorrow filled his
sinking heart with dread.

Was he then to see his Ora on this fair and lovely
morning

Lying on the field before him' mid the silent ranks
of dead!

Hark! upon his ears falling came a cry of weird
despairing,

And the death chant rose defiant where a fallen
comrade lay.

"Narragansett!" pealed in dying tones from the
youth of frenzied daring

Whose discovery of the foeman thus had cost his
life that day.

Osirus swayed in horror and his worst fears real-
izing

His sturdy features paled unto the ashen hue of
death.

O'ercome with deep emotion and tortures agoniz-
ing

Paused he in mutest terror for a palsy held his
breath.

While around him in the forest were the dusky foes
now fighting,

And the war-whoops of the living pealed defi-
ance o'er the dead.

Alas! in many a youthful breast the tomahawk was
 blighting
The future's great ambitions that a sire's love had
 bred.

Through the treachery of her servant to whom had
 she entrusted
The story of her tender love was Ora foul be-
 trayed.

And Satanta straightway hearing with mien stern
 and disgusted

 The torrents of his mighty wrath were in that
 moment swayed.

Yea! the chieftain's rage was fearful and cursed he
 his gentle daughter

 And swore that ere another moon illumed the
 twilight sky,

The blood of the Massachusetts would flow like
 running water

 And mingling with the Shawsheen red its current
 deep would die.

In vain she pleaded with him for his wrath was
 stern and fearful

 And he bade her to her wigwam with the base
 and treacherous maid.

Thither went the dusky maiden all a-tremble, sad
 and tearful,

 And in that hour of sorrow for her periled lover
 prayed.

That might he escape the vengeance that Satanta
 foul was scheming

 Deep in his haughty bosom for the hated Indu's
 son,

And as she prayed Osirus of his fairest love was
 dreaming

 For as in joy, in sorrow, both their hearts beat
 now as one.

While yet the night grew darkest was Satanta swift
preparing
For a bold and sudden move upon his unsuspect-
ing foes,
And ere the sun had risen, dark eternal vengeance
swearing
Thus led he his tribe in silence where the Shaw-
sheen peaceful flows.
But a watchful eye had seen them by the gray light
of the morning,
And the purpose of their coming too, the foeman
swiftly guessed,
For his loud and ringing war-whoop in an instant
spread the warning
Ere the arrow of the hated foe was buried in his
breast.

Thus commenced the dreadful battle and as it raged
around him
Stood Osirus all unconscious of the weird and
bitter strife,
For his tortured brain was weary and a spell of
sorrow bound him,
And he heeded not the eager foes who sought to
take his life.
From behind the trees unceasing, frowns of bitter
hatred wearing
Did the tribesmen of Satanta seek to slay the
youthful chief.
But their task proved unavailing for a charmed life
was he bearing,
And their arrows passed unheeded where stood he
bowed down with grief.

But toward the Massachusetts was an evil form now
creeping,
Whose wicked eyes were gleaming as sprang he
from tree to tree;

And he sneered as to his ears came low sounds of
bitter weeping,
But still Osirus heard him not nor raised his eyes
to see
That fiend incarnate gliding like a serpent through
the grasses,
For his mind was absent roaming and his eyes
with grieving dim
Saw but the hateful picture that before his vision
passes
Of his Ora rising from the dead and calling forth
to him.

Ah! the form has nearer drawn and a murmur deep
and hateful
Escapes in bitter accents from the vile Satanta's
lips.
Yea; the black heart bred within him for this wicked
chance is grateful,
And his features foully darken as his trusty bow
he grips.
But his youthful foe has heard him and to desperation
driven
Doth his agile foot beneath him leap aside on
yielding ground,
And the tree behind him looming shows its rough
bark deeply riven
Where the foeman's poisoned arrow hath a harm-
less mission found.

With a snarl of disappointment now Satanta for-
ward dashes
And his tomahawk is drawn while his brow is
dark as night.
Swift e'en as the swiftest of the deadly lightning
flashes
Doth he aim, alas! the fatal blow with all his
stalwart might.

But again his hand is thwarted for from the forest
shelter
Springs a horror-stricken maiden between him and
his foe,
Ere saw he the graceful figure, a crushing stroke he
dealt her
And his fairest daughter, Ora, sank beneath his
cruel blow.

For despite the evil scheming of the base, ungrateful
creature,
Had Ora lingered watchful through the dreary
hours of eve.
In vain she begged her servant, in vain did she be-
seech her
Not to thwart the timely warning that her lover
must receive.
But the latter was obdurate until at length despair-
ing
Feigned she slumber, and her tired head sank
restless on her breast.
Long the wicked servant watched her with dark
and hateful bearing
But the lovely maiden flinched not beneath the
bitter test.

Convinced now that she slumbered her betrayer
swiftly started
From the wigwam of her mistress with soft and
stealthy tread.
One look cast she behind her ere yet she had de-
parted
But Ora's breath was peaceful; all was silent as
the dead.
Far beyond the hapless maiden her footsteps soon
were dying
And the latter with a cry of joy sprang swiftly
to her feet.

Her face still flushed with weeping; her pallid lips
still sighing
Lest her courage should forsake her in the perils
she must meet.

Thus had basest treachery yielded to the love of one
true maiden

And Ora now with frightened steps set out to
warn the foe.

Long ago her sire had started and her breast with
fear was laden

Lest she should be too late to foil his unrelent-
ing blow.

But her strength was far above the strength of Nar-
ragansett's daughters

And her nimble feet sped onward through the for-
est's trackless path,

Until paused she in horror by the Shawsheen's
bloody waters,

To spring between her sire and the victim of
his wrath.

Mute Osirus stood and gazed upon her sadly man-
gled features,

And kneeling swiftly by her side bowed down his
head with shame.

"Oh, Osirus!" breathed the answer of the fairest
of God's creatures,

And her gentle voice in sadness lingered o'er his
cherished name.

Softly then he kissed her for saw he that she was
dying,

And the tired head fell backward on her lover's
sturdy arm.

"Ora! Oh, my Ora!" but she answered not his
sighing,

And his pale and ghastly figure started back in
wild alarm.

Then her bright eyes closed in sorrow and lay she
forever sleeping

While a smile so soft and tender lingered o'er
her mangled face.

Sank Osirus down beside her, and the echoes of his
weeping

Rose above the shouts of victory from his fiercely
warring race.

Long he pleaded with his sweetheart but she an-
swered not his calling

For one last caress in sorrow from those tender
smiling lips;

Reeled he then in stricken anguish and Satanta
saw him falling

In a swoon upon her body as a dagger now he
grips.

Evil as Satanta's heart was, loved he his gentle
daughter,

And long and bitter grew his wailings o'er the
body of his child.

Kneeling down in deepest terror then he passion-
ately besought her

To speak unto her father but her dead face only
smiled.

Then was his spirit broken as with despairing mo-
tion

Raised he and plunged his dagger deep into his
quivering side,

And beside the fallen lovers steadfast in their de-
votion,

As his life's blood ebbed in torrents, thus the
haughty chieftain died.

Still around them raged the battle, and mighty
deeds of daring

Were by the Massachusetts there performed that
fatal morn.

Though outnumbered by their rivals did their proud
and haughty bearing

In that hour of bitterest trial yield the foe but
deepest scorn.

Swift their arrows sped and surely while their wild,
triumphant cheering

Filled the sombre forest round them with a deep,
incessant roar,

And their dead and dying victims lay in heaps about
the clearing

Where their tomahawks had stained the fields
with floods of sickening gore.

Bereft now of Satanta, slow the Narragansetts
yielded

To the swift and stern advances of their late un-
honored foe,

Whose tomahawks e'er falling with the strength
of giants wielded

Mingled death and mortal fracture with each
sternly crushing blow.

Far beyond the Shawsheen's waters whose crimson
tide was flowing

With the blood of slain hundreds did the foe-
man hurl them now.

While deep within the latter's eyes a hatred stern
was glowing

And the light of stalwart victory settled on each
haughty brow.

Thence backward soon returning when the bloody
strife had ended

Wandered they with hearts elated o'er the dread
scenes of the fray,

And their joyous chants of victory with the dying
groans were blended

Of the warriors, friend and foeman, that around
them sadly lay.

Thus came they on three figures lying silent there
together,
And beheld they now in sadness their youthful
chieftain's face
And by his beaded wampum and gorgeous glowing
feather
Knew they the dread Satanta, leader of their rival
race.

Tears were bred not for the savage but for once
each spurned his duty
As with eyes bedimmed with grieving scanned
they the maiden's face
Whom they knew as gentle Ora by her fairest youth-
ful beauty
Now clasped by young Osirus in a fond and
last embrace.
Tenderly they bore their young chief whose heart
was faintly beating,
To the wigwam of his father by the Shawsheen's
bloody tide,
And 'neath the mourning shadows soon at even-
tide retreating,
Laid they his slain lover and her father side by
side.

Many moons have come and vanished and Osirus
broken hearted
Has felt his youthful vigor waning with the flight
of years,
Yet oft when vainly musing has his memory de-
parted
To unhappy scenes of boyhood that fill his eyes
with tears.
And e'er when sad and weary, thus a loving impulse
heeding
Doth his worn and tottering footsteps pause be-
side a lonely grave

In the silence of the forest, broken only by the
pleading
Of the winds that sweeping round him e'en as he
in anguish rave.

There, kneeling down in sorrow, doth he give away
to weeping
And the hot tears streaming swiftly down each
aged and withered cheek
Fall in torrents o'er the sacred spot were Ora now
is sleeping
And again hears he that warning voice that ne'er
will cease to speak.
And oft when straying lonely by the dark and
gloomy waters
Doth he dream of one who long ago roamed by
his sturdy side,
Of the simple troth there plighted with the fair-
est of earth's daughters,
And his wailings long and bitter, echo, o'er the
silent tide.

THE COTTER'S SABBATH MORN

(To the Bard of Afton)

To thee, oh, bard of Scotia's towering hills!
In kindred spirit fain would I reply
To thy sweet verse that oft my bosom thrills,
That oft has wakened memory's dearest sigh.

Ah! would that I more skilled in thy rare art
Could answer thee with musings as divine
As those which pouring from thy lofty heart,
Might well obscure this humble verse of mine.

Like thee, would I applaud in meeker verse
The cotter's lowly joys, his honest toil,
The sturdy life that nobly strives to nurse
The stout and patient tillers of the soil.

The ans'ring chords within my lowly breast
Inspired to action by each noble thought
Of thee, of Scotia's gifted bards, most blest,
This simple song of mine have aptly wrought.

In beauty far less honored with thy art,
Let meekness for its greater faults atone,
Forgive this lowly effort of a heart
Whose pulse is beating now as did thine own.

The gorgeous sun in splendor o'er the hills
Arises with new tidings of the day,
His joyous beams o'er babbling brooks and rills
Seem human almost in their sportive play.

The early transient vapors of the dawn
Dissolve their mists in God's descending dew,
The fragrant buds that earth's vast fields adorn
Uplift again their drooping heads to view.

The drowsy notes from endless forests dark
Freshen with the swift advance of lively dawn,
The mellowed strains from some inspired lark
E'en greet departing night with loathing scorn.

From yonder distant height the eagle soars,
Grand, majestic in his noble flight,
Where o'er its rocky bed the torrent roars,
And dark'ning shadows fade upon the sight.

The sighing wind now rustles through the trees,
And all the world is lulled as by some power
That wafted silent on the fragrant breeze
Bespeaks the hallowed stillness of the hour.

Already in the vale where new-born east
Tinges deep the perfect beauty of the skies,
The crimson blaze of glory soon increased,
Reflects the scented raptures of sunrise.

The nodding beech and gaily plumed flow'ret
Alike in ecstasy breathe in the scene
That artist's hand hath never pictured yet,
And never will while dawn is Nature's queen.

Ah! fairest Nature hath ne'er surpassing shone,
The very earth rejoices 'neath the spell,
While more and more her ling'ring beauties loan
Their gifted splendors that we love so well.

The minutes slowly pass and silence still
Pervades the atmosphere of holy calm,
The rarest musings of the whippoorwill
Breathe on the quiet air their sweetest psalm.

The swiftly-moving current of the day
Speeds onward with the glim'ring rays of light,
And darkness grim and solemn fades away
When God withdraws the gloomy veil of night.

Like pearls, the dew drops sparkle on the leaves,
And e'en the petals flush with new born pride,
The balmy zephyr heals the breast that grieves,
And man and beast alike in peace abide.

Thus thoughtful God His loving imprint gives
To all that now is fairest we behold,
At His fond touch the flow'ret springs and lives
That Death would e'en have gathered to his fold.

Aurora harkens to her lord and king,
His presence times the grandeur of her play,
His praise her countless beauties ever sing
Resplendent in their garb and mild array.

The blissful stillness soon is marred by cries
Of waking cattle lowing from their stalls,
Warned by the blaze of glory in the skies
That cheerful dawn their wonted strength recalls.

And once again life's busy scenes revive,
The pawing beasts their hunger thus reveal,
And barnyards thronged, with eager patience strive
To calmly wait the early morning meal.

The huntsman's horn resounds o'er fields and lakes,
The dying echoes linger in their flight,
In sudden dread the startled pheasant wakes
And vainly soothes her fledgling's shrinking
fright.

The verdant fields appearing through the mists
Are clothed in Springtime's silken robe of green,
The mountains by Aurora softly kissed
Faint in the eastern heavens can be seen.

Bright in the spotless azure overhead
The risen sun has started on his way
By God's almighty guidance slowly led
To where the dimming shadows mark the day.

To music's sweet, enchanted murmurs lured
In pastures where his daily task begins,
The swain's melodious voice is faintly heard
In morning song that freshened vigor wins.

The cotter's humble cabin stands aloof
From fields all tilled and ready for the seed,
With slightly arched and rudely thatched roof
That spurns ignoble wealth's penurious greed.

As high above the sun commands the day,
And fairest Luna guides her realms at night,
So on the earth the sturdy cotter's sway
Provides his nation's stamina with its might.

E'er daily yielding by his panting toil
The precious stores of Life's most pressing needs
With which each year God hath enriched his soil,
His heart for wanton riches never bleeds.

His kindly smile, his ever-pleasant word
Creates a wealth unique in his small sphere,
His voice complaining scarcely e'er is heard,
Though Fortune deigns to greet him with a tear.

With sturdy strength and heart too stout to break
He crushes 'neath his pride ill fortune's woes,
With every grief his step new vigor takes,
And courage is the only fault he knows.

Ah! he who yields to misery's baneful end
Might well regard the world in keen disgrace,
To see his lofty efforts thus descend
And viewed with grim dishonor by his race.

Snug in the peaceful vale where he was born,
Where e'en his parents passed declining days,
His humble cabin greets the smiling morn,
Mute in its sturdy gift of endless praise.

Beyond the village, hushed in Death's embrace
The voices are that soothed his prattling years;
Long since their tottering steps resigned the race
Of hateful age 'mid thorny path of tears.

For those beloved now sleeping in their graves
O'er whose departed forms in varying moods
Summer breezes blow or Winter's fury waves,
Lost in his grief the lowly peasant broods.

When Spring reclaims the lately frozen ground
And verdure freshens fields once brown and bare,
At some respected grave the swain is found,
And sadness marks his hapless sojourn there.

When Summer breezes, mild with rare perfume,
Sweep scented raptures o'er the joyful land,
The peasant strays in sorrow to the tomb
With some small offering borne in his hand.

When Autumn turns the falling leaves to gold
And warnings come of Winter's blust'ring snows,
His sturdy form and courage brave the cold,
As forth again on his sad quest he goes.

When Winter's fury breaks upon the earth
And silv'ry mantles deck the bleak brown fields,
He leaves the cheerful warmth of his snug hearth
And shiv'ring at the sodden graves he kneels.

Oh! meek and humble virtue of the poor,
Viewed in the face of all that is sublime,
Well might thy perfect morals still endure
Against the wasting ravages of time.

The Sabbath chimes ring out upon the air
With pious accents more and more sincere,
Conveying thrills of mute, inspired prayer
In passive strains to each attending ear

As in the distance dies the vibrant tone,
A holier calm invades the murmuring breeze,
The peasant late to toiling hardships prone
Now sinks in silent worship to his knees.

His weekly labor now is at an end,
His soul rejoices at the burdens done,
His thoughts in sacred channels constant bend
That God's benignant love has ever won.

E'en in the verdant fields and rural meads
The angelus, with reverence deep, is heard,
Its sacred stroke to every peasant reads
A worthy summons in the gospel's word.

'Tis Sabbath morn, and rising from his task
He leaves the straying flock to wander on,
While he the grace of God doth humbly ask
To grant, perhaps, a happiness now gone.

Returning o'er the fields where early youth
Had grown apace to manhood's sturdy pride,
His footsteps tread the silent path of truth
With guileless heaven for a friend and guide.

Forsaken not though grief should weigh him down,
By virtue strained yet loving virtue still
He quells the deep'ning shadows of the frown
That taunts the iron firmness of his will.

Oh! modest virtue, blessed are they who shield
Thy gentle passion deep within their breasts;
The man to tempting evil ne'er will yield
While on his brow thy hallowed presence rests.

Ah! like the smile of heaven's dawning skies
Thy gracious splendor beams in every face,
Where innocence in artless fashion lies,
The synonym of lowly, cultured grace.

How different would this erring nation be
If hearts that mould it fain would humbly ask
Thy sweetest blessing, yearning strength to see
The hidden faults of each allotted task.

Alas! the fickle conscience of the world
E'er changeful as the phases of the moon,
Oft slinks when scornful lips are swiftly curled,
Or smiles when gracious virtue deigns a boon.

The country folk, when gathered from the church,
Unite in festive gambols on the lawn;
The eager lover then begins his search
For her, with whom he would his arm adorn.

In native finery decked to please the eye
The flirting damsel trips upon the green,
Her luring glance repays each ardent sigh
Of youthful swains who grace the charming scene.

A wealth of hidden coyness in her glance
Provokes the softest passion of the heart,
With ling'ring hopes perchance the swains advance
To test the melting prowess of her art.

Ah! happy he who leads her to the dance,
Now slowly forming on the sportive lawn,
Aloof his rivals stand and frown askance,
Or nobly strive to greet the twain with scorn.

With shy, averted eyes the fair coquette
Doth soothe the jealous envy of their rage,
And charmed, they pray that fickle chance may yet
In their behalf a winning contest wage.

Oh, rural pastimes; choicest gift of God,
The fond delight of every boyish heart,
That every cotter's breast would fain applaud
Though age, perchance, hath dimmed his youthful art.

The merry gliding figures of the green,
The lover's ardent glance, the maiden's scorn,
The bashful swain, affecting careless mien;
These are the treasures of the Sabbath morn.

Apart, the village folk, who once were young,
Enjoy the rapt expression of each face,
And words of praise arise on every tongue
To laud their children's youthful skill and grace.

Amid scenes like these their hearts have grown old,
What fairer spot to spend declining years
Than here, where age doth sweeter joys unfold
To stem the tide of grief's unhappy tears.

Though age denies the effort that partakes
Of sports that know no stauncher friends than
they,
Still in their hearts that soothing pleasure wakes
To live in memory o'er each distant day.

To sit around and view the graceful feet
Glide through the mazes of Virginia Reel,
The swain's impulsive step, the maiden sweet,
Denying him the kiss he fain would steal.

To yield the rapt applause that oft would greet
Their own accomplished efforts in the dance
Which vain old age would render far more neat,
Such was the wealth of envy in each glance.

Good natured envy, yielding to the touch
Of pensive memory's sweet and dearest thought,
The simple joys they had revered so much
Which in their hearts a ling'ring joy hath
wrought.

The buxom matron hears again that voice
Of earnest pleadings falling on her ear
When she of many a youthful swain the choice
Was wont to scorn each jealous rival's sneer.

Ah! he who sits in silence by her now
Then led her all triumphant to the dance,
The light of victory on his stalwart brow,
And in his rear a comrade's frowning glance.

For he whose youthful locks have turned to gray,
Whose face is marred by honest toil and care,
Was sturdiest of the swains that distant day,
And she, the fairest of the village fair.

How lovers, then, admired her charming grace,
Her dainty foot, the cynosure of all,
The depth of winning sweetness in her face
That well might boast full many a swain's down-
fall.

Oh! who could spurn those hallowed days of bliss,
Of priceless treasures borrowed from above;
The raptures of the lover's stolen kiss,
The manly voice that pleaded for her love.

And he who won her for his loving wife
How well doth he recall that distant scene,
The crowning triumph of his youthful life
When her chosen lord, he led her o'er the green.

Again he sees before his ardent gaze
The sneering frowns rejected lovers cast,
Again he hears admiring words of praise
That older folk had showered as they passed.

How well doth he recall her blushing face,
The tender glow within those downcast eyes,
Her answer to the lover's fond embrace
Spoke not in words the meaning of her sighs.

But who has ever loved that could not learn
To solve the hidden meaning of a sigh,
What tender glance but could at once discern
The raptures of that shyly downcast eye.

No sweeter tale of love was ever told
Than where demurest silence hovers near,
For love requires but lovers to unfold
The meaning of a look, a sigh, a tear.

Thus had he learned to read her tender glance,
That outward coquetry long had sought to hide,
When gliding through the mazes of the dance
Her coyness would his efforts have defied.

Less stauncher hearts than his had played and lost
The ardent game of love upon the green,
And many a swain had mourned the day he crossed
The guileless pathway of the village queen.

But his was not the heart to meekly yield
To love's allotted task but poorly done,
At the shrine where many a baffled swain had
kneeled

He, too, had knelt but he alone had won.

Long had he conquered ere a blushing bride
She sought the shelter of his sturdy arms,
And o'er their native village far and wide
Rang praises of the youthful couple's charms.

Then was he happiest of all country swains
Who long had worshipped at her artless shrine,
For those, she had but one reply that pains,
For him, that love that e'er is called divine.

E'en as he sits and views the gorgeous scene
Of youth and splendor on the village lawn,
His memory wanders back to this same green
But to a distant and a happier morn

When his weekly labors drawn to a close
And dressed with every outward show of care,
His footstep o'er its wonted pathway goes
To greet the fairest of all damsels there.

To see the blush that mantled her fair cheek
When beloved of all his sturdy form drew near,
To wait in ecstasy that voice to speak
That he would go full many a mile to hear.

The memory of each youthful art and charm
Invokes the soft caresses of his tongue,
As he clasps the hand now resting on his arm,
And smoothes the faded locks to him e'er young.

She, too, is dreaming fondly o'er the days
When e'en as now she wooed his fond embrace,
That sweet expression still is in her gaze,
That rests its hallowed presence on his face.

That loving smile, so tender, in her eyes
Beams with the same deep pathos as of yore,
When he at first with ardent words and sighs
Her countless charms had soon learned to adore.

Thus where two loving hearts have long grown old,
Each shares the other's every thought, its pain,
The tender love that never has grown cold
Enacts its youthful conquest o'er again.

Ah! what is more endearing to the eye
Than thus behold the couple old and gray
Pass on through life still scorning that vain sigh
That fain would mar life's last declining day.

Oh, happy creatures, freed from care and strife,
Fain would the saddened heart like their's rejoice,
To die amid the scenes of youthful life.
To hear again each dead familiar voice.

To have the dying brow smoothed by the hand
Of her thou wooed and won so long ago,
To feel not, when about to leave this land,
The ling'ring sadness that too many know.

To die as we had lived, in gentle peace,
Surrounded by the friends to us most dear;
To feel when life is then about to cease
The soothing strength of each unuttered tear.

The dancing o'er, the maidens soon depart,
Each leaning on the arm of some stout swain
Whose whispered amorous pleadings woo the heart
Of her who fills his own with anxious pain.

And silence, sweeter for the simple joys
Now ceased, upon the gay and festive lawn,
Replaces all the laughter and the noise
Of youthful hearts to humble lodgings gone.

Afar, the distant echoes of the horn
Bearing tidings of the happy noonday meal,
Upon the vagrant breezes of the morn
In low and rapturous accents softly steal.

Around the table grouped in ardent prayer,
The village folk in pious accent kneel,
With one accord, the humble gathering there,
Give thanks for all the silent praise they feel.

Oh! sweet and humble blessings of the poor,
The meeker hoard of his, the cotter's, life,
Long may thy rays for him through time endure,
Through all the hidden pangs of earthly strife.

THE LEGEND OF MISER BEN

Come, gather near if you would hear
The weird and awful story,
How Deacon Post waylaid a ghost
In search of fame and glory.

'Twas in sixty-five, (lands sakes alive
How swift the years are flying!)
That Miser Ben, three score and ten,
Lay on his rough couch dying.

Now it came to pass as it will, alas;
Oftimes when death is nearest,
A sudden pain plagued old Ben's brain
And forced out what was dearest.

He thought of death and his rasping breath
Straight threatened dire disaster;
Again he thought and a change it wrought
For his breath came fast and faster.

'Twas of Silas Green, a man so mean
Who owed him still a pound, sir;
So despite his pain, with might and main,
He vowed Si was a hound, sir.

And what is more, he roundly swore
While wrathful tears flowed, sir,
He would not go to the realms below
Till Si paid what he owed, sir.

Therefore enraged, a war he waged
With all the hosts of death, sir,
While the town amazed in wonder gazed
And sought his latest breath, sir.

Thus time amassed till weeks had passed
And still he clung to life, sir;
No kindly friend to cheer his end
Or soothe the breast of strife, sir.

He had no wife and his lonely life
And lonelier cot seemed appalling,
As doth the house without a spouse
And playful children calling.

No childish mirth yet marred his hearth
Or shook the oaken rafter,
For what cared he for prattling glee
And children's foolish laughter.

No deed he'd done which ever won
The praise of those around him;
Mean to the last, with a darker past,
Thus his fellow townsmen found him.

And thus he died, for sorely tried
Despite his battle strong, sir,
His waning strength succumbed at length
And he went to join the throng, sir.

The throng of men who daily sin
And plot to rob their neighbors,
Till with quaking breath they wait for death
To end their evil labors.

But before he went, an hour he spent,
If all they say be true, sir,
Upbraiding Green for being so mean,
And vowed his death he'd rue, sir.

Yea; in angry tones between his groans,
So said Matilda Gray, sir,
He swore that Si, if he must die,
Would be haunted night and day, sir.

This fearful threat caused Si to fret
Till believe me I'll be bound, sir,
With a shocking curse, he took his purse
And went to pay that pound, sir.

Alas! old Ben was departed then
Or I doubt if aught could slay him;
He would have better grew if he only knew
Si was hastening on to pay him.

And as for Si, he wondered why
And wherefore Ben should die, sir,
When that precious pound was gaining ground
In the race to charm his eye, sir.

But t'wixt you and I, the skinflint Si
Went on his way rejoicing;
His conscience free, so at least thought he,
And his happy fortune voicing.

And all the time in a warmer clime
With energy most provoking
The soul of Ben in its prison pen
Was Satan's wrath invoking.

In yonder glen at the hour of ten
In the morning, Deacon Winn, sir,
His lone grave made with his trusty spade,
And straightway laid him in, sir.

No mourning prayer instilled the air,
No friend was there to sigh, sir,
No mate he had to thus feel sad,
No tear to dim the eye, sir.

His humble mound evoked no sound,
No stress of passioned grieving,
None stopped to pray, all hastened away,
The corpse behind them leaving.

'Twas a lonely spot, not soon forgot
By those who chanced that way, sir,
In the dead of night when the haunting sprite
Was wont to rise and stray, sir.

The whitened bones that 'neath the stones
Remained of those no more, sir,
Would often rise 'neath midnight skies
So ran traditions' lore, sir.

And nightly revel with the devil
In the witchlike dance, sir,
Invoking charms with fleshless arms,
And death in every glance, sir.

Around about, no chant or shout
To grace the whole proceeding,
They crossed the earth in ceaseless mirth
Approaching dawn unheeding.

Till a flash of light dispelled the night,
Then away they went in haste, sir,
Thus rosy east broke up the feast
And welcomed scenes more chaste, sir.

Each phantom shape sought swift escape
To his den in wrath retreating,
They feared the sight of the morning light
And frowned at such a meeting.

Thus, 'neath the gloom of the darkening moon
Each night from twelve entranced, sir,
Till dawn of day broke up their play
The demons danced and danced, sir.

And more and more the peasants swore
Who lived close by the glen, sir,
Their actions vile increased the while
Since the taking off of Ben, sir.

Some e'en who passed where the spirits massed
In the eerie hours of night, sir,
Declared the scene to be rendered green
By the flickering of a light, sir.

A ghastly green, my friend, I ween,
To cast no doubt a spell, sir,
On those who look upon the spook
Let loose from foulest hell, sir.

And 'neath this light, one stormy night
A neighbor, by my faith, sir,
Saw miser Ben and the phantom men
When the hour was growing late, sir.

Hand in hand with the ghastly band
In endless fashion seeming,
The miser danced, and anon he glanced
At his grave 'neath the green light gleaming.

Then he swiftly turned and as swift discerned
The neighbor peering sly, sir;
His sockets blazed as he foully gazed,
Though he had no mortal's eye, sir.

'Twas an eerie eve you may believe,
Though I quite forget the date, sir,
The miser glared and the peasant stared
A-trembling for his fate, sir.

Not a blessed word they spoke nor heard,
Not a sound escaped, I vum, sir,
Still the phantom glowered while the mortal cowered,
And thought his hour had come, sir.

First one, then two, thus the number grew
Of the eyeless sockets blazing
Like a brooding storm on the prowler's form
In a manner most amazing.

The wonder grew of the phantom crew,
As they glared at the ghastly face, sir;
And a sneering scorn was that moment born
And as swiftly grew apace, sir.

The dancing ceased and their hate increased
While yet his face they scanned, sir,
In the dreary hush, they made a rush
For the mortal all unmanned, sir.

But the cock crew hard in a neighboring yard,
And his cry was twice repeated,
His wild alarms dispelled their charms
Ere their dire aim was completed.

In wild retreat, their scampering feet
Made for the looming graves, sir,
'Mid rattle of bones and hollow groans
Like a band of yelling braves, sir.

And all was dark, for the demons' lark
Had ceased upon the lawn, sir,
The green light fled o'er the slumbering dead
In the gray streaks of the dawn, sir.

A great relief replaced the grief
Of the quaking mortal man, sir,
To his heels he took with a startled look
And like the devil, ran, sir.

All out of breath but saved from death,
With courage greatly daunted,
Like a startled deer dismayed by fear
Fled he with vision haunted.

And far and wide o'er the countryside
He spread the awful tale, sir,
Wise men were dazed and all amazed,
While every cheek grew pale, sir.

Thus gossip grew of the phantom crew
Who each and every night, sir,
With miser Ben danced in the glen
Round a green and ghastly light, sir.

Now Silas Green heard of this scene
And quickly felt alarm, sir;
His haunting debt was not cancelled yet
And he feared Ben's wicked charm, sir.

For had he not in a frenzy wrought
Sworn on his dying bed, sir,
That his ghost would rise where his body lies
In the City of the Dead, sir.

To haunt his foe where e'er he'd go
To fill his life with warning
And beset his way the livelong day
And from early night till morning?

Si soon lost weight at a fearful rate,
His courage often vaunted
Now changed to fear at the presence near,
And he walked like someone haunted.

The neighbors knew and marveled, too,
And swore by this and that, sir,
That old Nick and Ben had left their den
And ne'er would wander back, sir.

Till Si had paid the debt he made
With interest, too, compound, sir,
If not to Ben, to his family then,
If they could e'er be found, sir.

Alas! poor Si did nobly try
In sunshine and in rain, sir,
To purge his sin in the next of kin
But his search was all in vain, sir.

Ben had no friends to whom amends
Thus might be safely made, sir;
No one was found to whom that pound
Could be with honor paid, sir.

So here and there in blank despair
Knowing not which way to go, sir,
He roamed the earth devoid of mirth,
Ah! his life was one of woe, sir.

With distracted air and vacant stare
Oft down the village street, sir,
And up again, in constant pain,
He walked with footsteps fleet, sir.

Until at length he sadly went
Unto old Deacon Post, sir,
Who roundly vowed with gesture proud,
That he would lay the ghost, sir.

But 'twas agreed, that ere this deed
Should tax his mind profound, sir,
To give up the search and to the church
Pay the much-annoying pound, sir.

Thus, on his knees and ill at ease,
Si gave the wretched note, sir;
The deacon's fee, but twixt you and me
To give it he was loath, sir.

For he loved his gold with joy untold
Not unlike the miser Ben, sir,
And when forced to pay, so the neighbors say,
He blubbered there and then, sir.

If I reckon right 'twas such a night
As this is, dark and eerie,
A blinding rain beat, 'gainst the pane,
And winds sighed, cold and dreary,

That the deacon chose to meet his foes,
And with Bible in his hand, sir,
To do or die, he went with Si
To disperse the wicked band, sir.

With stealthy tread toward the slumbering dead
The Pious couple started,
To bound with fright at each whisper light
That either's lips had parted.

The lightning flashed; the thunder crashed;
The branches swayed and tossed, sir,
The shadows leered and ghosts appeared
With arms akimbo crossed, sir.

Uncanny sounds from the narrow mounds
Let loose it seemed from hell, sir,
Rose on the gale with a ghastly wail,
While the rain in torrents fell, sir.

Through the lashing trees swaying in the breeze
Bellowed the roar of thunder,
Till it seemed the storm in its awful form
Would rend the earth asunder.

The darkening sky unnerved poor Si;
The scene was truly awful;
'Twas just the night for the demon sprite
And his actions, too, unlawful.

To ease his task, from a handy flask
The deacon took a nip, sir,
Not from habit's sake, but to stronger make
His nerves for their trying trip, sir.

The gurgling sound a listener found
In the lean and watchful Si, sir,
And the flask changed grips and wet Si's lips
In the twinkling of an eye, sir.

Thus fortified they onward hied,
A-stumbling o'er the stones, sir,
Their path beset with new terrors yet
And weird and awful groans, sir.

With a howl of pain in the blinding rain
The deacon stubbed his toe, sir;
In the darkness there, Si grabbed his hair
For he took him for a foe, sir.

Headlong they pitched like a twain bewitched
And they fought both long and hard, sir;
They clutched and clawed and bit and gnawed
In the cemetery yard, sir.

The demons leered and foully cheered
Till they split their sides, I ween, sir;
As well they might, for such a sight
They ne'er before had seen, sir.

What the deacon said will ne'er be read;
'Twould not look well in verse, sir,
But often Si, with a knowing eye,
Would imitate the curse, sir.

Alas! poor Si got a swollen eye,
But he banged the deacon's jaw, sir;
In a whirl of fists and squirms and twists
They fought a splendid draw, sir.

The deacon swore as he madly tore
At his crony's tuft of hair, sir,
Si shrieked with pain but all in vain
As he felt his head grow bare, sir.

A frightful roar and all was o'er,
They bounded to their feet, sir,
While the echoes passed from the fearful blast
And slowly did retreat, sir.

A greenish light now held their sight
And they shook like stricken men, sir,
While round and round on the sodden ground
The wraiths danced in the glen, sir.

A familiar form loomed in the storm,
Who it was Si quickly guessed, sir;
And he turned about with a frightened shout,
And ran like one possessed, sir.

O'er moor and fen from the haunted glen
With the speed of a startled deer, sir,
On and on he fled from the ghostly dead,
And his shrieks rang far and near, sir.

Close in his rear, unmanned by fear,
The deacon stumbled after,
While a clamor rose from his phantom foes
'Mid peals of ghastly laughter.

Out of the night a something white,
Uncanny in detail, sir,
With utmost speed like a valiant steed
Set out upon his trail, sir,

And drawing near, full in his rear
Struck like a cannon ball, sir;
For mercy crying, with coat tails flying,
Thus did the deacon fall, sir.

Down; down, he went, his trousers rent,
The thing still on his track, sir,
Till with a thud in the yielding mud
He landed on his back, sir.

A slanting wall arising tall
Foiled every effort made, sir,
To clamber out from the yawning mouth
Into which his steps had strayed, sir.

While o'er his head with a prancing tread
And eyes that glowed with hate, sir,
The pursuing foe glared down below
To taunt him with his fate, sir.

A stinging pain coursed through his brain
Another down his spine, sir,
In sad despair he rent his hair
And started in to whine, sir.

The demon glared; the lightning flared
A-casting weird reflections
Where the deacon lay, awaiting day
Hemmed in in all directions.

The fearful strain unnerved his brain
Till upon my honor's word, sir,
His frenzied roar for a mile or more
Soon could be plainly heard, sir.

But his worn strength gave out at length,
Unconscious soon he fell, sir;
'Mid lurid gleams and shrieks and screams
Let loose from foulest hell, sir.

In the morning gray, so traditions say,
With stealthy step and slow, sir,
Si in their rear, a-quake with fear,
The neighbors sought the foe, sir.

With pitchfork keen and scythe a gleam
A valiant front they made, sir,
One with a rake, prepared to make
A gallant charging raid, sir.

The searchers brave in an open grave
A-clutching at his throat, sir,
The deacon found, while above the ground
Strayed neighbor Haskin's goat, sir,

The deacon raved, and begged and craved
For mercy; ah! 'twas sad, sir,
The awful fright of that hideous night
Had driven him stark mad, sir.

Though questions grew of the phantom crew
His tale he scarce could tell, sir;
With oil and balm they broke the charm
But 'twas weeks ere he was well, sir.

E'en to this day, so the neighbors say
Who live out by the glen, sir,
Oft in the night they see the light
And the phantom dancing men, sir.

While round and round each gloomy mound
And o'er the haunted lawn, sir,
Their demon feast defies the east
Until the peep-o-dawn, sir.

But strange, I ween, this ghastly scene
With all its haunting strife, sir,
Wrought a worthy deed for it made Si lead
A good and upright life, sir.

Now for pity's sake, dear reader, make
Of this weird tale the most, sir,
For by my fate, be it soon or late,
There's harm in laying ghosts, sir.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE

Said the butterfly unto the bee,
"You cannot fly as fast as me."

"Perhaps," returned the busy bee,
"I have no time to race with thee."

Said the butterfly with haughty scorn,
"You have, my friend, this whole fine morn."

"Nay; nay; alas, I have my work
Which I, you know, can never shirk."

"And why?" returned his idle friend,
"Doth not your labors sometime end?"

"Ay; ay, when winter comes around
And flowers wither on the ground

'Till then for every mile I go
A fuller hive have I to show.

"You see, my friend, this selfsame hive
Will some day help keep me alive;

"When winter comes and storms are rife
What would support this humble life

"If I had not improved the hours
When honey stocked the summer flowers?

"Where would I go in snow and sleet
To get the food I fain must eat?

"To ease an empty stomach's pain
Till spring reclaims the fields again,

"To keep this fragile form together
In winter's harsh and stormy weather?"

"But surely," quoth the idle one,
"You have time both for work and fun?"

But the busy bee then shook his head
As forth his nimble wings he spread.

"Come, listen, friend, to what I say,
You surely can afford to-day."

"My time is precious," quoth the bee,
"I cannot waste it, friend, like thee.

"What would my busy comrades say
If I should shirk my work for play.

"What think they of the idle drone
Who of their harvest hath he none;

"Who, while the swift hours slipped away
Had shiftless roamed the livelong day?

"Alas! when winter bares the ground
No helping friend can e'er be found

"To fill his mouth with hard-sought food
That he had scorned in lazy mood.

"No mercy but a righteous wrath
Besets the sluggard's tortured path.

"And thus, you see, vain butterfly,
One choice is left and that to die."

"But, friend," returned the butterfly,
"There is no need for him to die.

"The summer days are long and fair
And we should all have time to spare.

"Time to cease collecting treasure
For what is life without pleasure.

"Time to seek some small enjoyment
By other ways than employment,

"And still sufficient time be left
Whereby one need not die bereft."

"There lies the fault," replied the bee,
"And I'll explain it, friend, to thee.

"Here is a phrase that all doth haunt:
The more we get, the more we want,

"And this alas; my friend, is true
Of work and of enjoyment, too.

"In work there is a certain spell
Beneath which all the busy dwell;

"It shapes their nerves for every task,
And steady work is all they ask.

"Thus they with nothing else to do
Oft reap their pleasures from it too.

"But once when seized with slothful thirst
Their thrifty lives are thrice accurst,

"E'en as they once found pride in work
Its strenuous labors now they shirk;

"Till with the curse of idleness won
Life's downward course has then begun.

"The ties we loved and labored under
Foul sloth hath rudely torn asunder.

"We spurn each task that we begin
Which former pride had gloried in,

"And then by sloth and foul neglect
We lose our former self respect;

"Thus life continues day by day
Work is forgotten, all is play,

"E'en as we toiled in days of yore
Idleness helps us love it more;

"And then, alas! the time comes round
When poverty is gaining ground.

"Fortune's wheel revolving faster
Pauses at the word disaster;

"And there the arrow steadfast stays
To point the evil of our ways.

"Our friends that better moments knew
Have ceased to be so tried and true,

"For one by one they drop away
Like mists before the dawn of day.

"Harsh winter comes; the barren ground
Denies the products we had found

"In every verdant dale and field
That now, alas! refuse to yield

"The merest food that might sustain
A life of misery and pain,

"Until at length the day draws nigh
When naught is left to do but die;

"For shorn of every boon in life
The soul must yield to hunger's strife.

"Ah! then, my idle friend, you see
The sad results of poverty.

"A poverty unwise, self-made,
Whose victim might, alas! have stayed

"The progress of its evil strife
If he had lived a careful life.

"And judging well each rainy day
Had not spent all his time in play."

"Pooh! Nonsense!" quoth the butterfly,
"'Tis but a fool who thus must die."

"But fools are many," quoth the bee,
"Remember what I've said to thee."

With that he spread his wings in flight
For he had work to do ere night.

A hive and young ones there to feed,
Who tried his efforts with their greed.

The butterfly forgot the speech,
The morals that his friend would teach

And with a heart unswerved and gay
Continued in his idle play.

Still flitting here and flitting there,
With naught to wound his pride or care.

E'er taunting insects at their work,
And tempting them their tasks to shirk,

For he could feed upon the flowers
In the friendly summer hours.

But soon these faded fast away
And winter dawned, fierce, cold and gray.

Then 'mid the blasts of chill November
Did he the bee's advice remember.

But then alas; it was too late
To strive against the hand of fate.

With no home save the cheerless field
That now, alas; had ceased to yield

Its bounteous food for his repast,
Thus was he forced to pine and fast;

Unlike the bee he had forgot
That misery is by pleasure wrought;

For too much pleasure, too much mirth
Will one day make a hell of earth.

Play is real but too much leisure
Is a harsh, ill-gotten treasure,

The foster parent of regret
O'er which some day we're sure to fret.

The truth of this all those will find
Who to its morals wise are blind

As was our friend, the butterfly,
Who for each laugh paid now a sigh.

The friends whose labors once he spurned
Upon him now their backs had turned ;

They had no alms for such as he,
For they had warned him like the bee ;

And they, e'en as the busy bee,
Oft had he taunted in his glee.

It seemed that foes made up the world
And every lip in scorn was curled

When he, in vain, for aid now sought,
To find that he had been forgot.

Like evil that from former days
Again in honor's pathway strays

To fill the mind with harsh regret
That long had lived but to forget

The misery of an ill-spent life,
The bitterness that marked its strife,

Till friendless, faint from hunger's breath,
Day after day he longed for death,

And longing with a bitter sigh
He stretched himself at length to die.

Upon the cold and barren ground
Where once life's comforts he had found,

With no one by to ease his pain
Or coax his former mirth again ;

With no kind spot to rest his head
He groaned and moaned till night had fled

And morning dawned with chilling storm
That lingered o'er his silent form.

And dreary winds commenced to blow
Where he lay dead beneath the snow.

Thus was the bee's prophetic word
That he in wicked glee had heard

Fulfilled unto the very last
When out of life, his living passed.

Inglorious end, reward of those
Who spurn the thought of dawning woes

To whom life is but an empty treasure,
A cup brimful of luring pleasure

O'er which ere we should raise to drink
All then should pause and pausing, think

That this the fatal step may be
To a life of future misery;

A future brief but foul of breath
Where life is but a living death.

Like stars to sailors tempest tossed
That gleam a moment, then are lost

Forever in those regions dark
That lure to doom, their reeling bark,

Or like the sail that sees him not
Speeds by the exile's lonely spot

That fanned a moment hope's last spark
A moment only, then all was dark.

Or as the message of reprieve
Flashed in the night but to deceive

The wretch condemned, about to die,
Upon the gallows looming high,

Who counts each moment in his cell
And waits the sounding of death's knell

With palsied nerve and glaring eye
For with the morning he must die.

Far better thus than such a hope
Should drag its victim from the rope

To thus renew his anxious breath
And of this life make living death,

To taunt him with the brooding thought
That life is for the moment bought

And that some hour he knew not yet
Would end his fondest dreams in death.

Base hope that thus renews his strength
To live for hours but to die at length.

That thus would double all his pain
And force each bitter thought again

That many a month with vain regret
A blasted conscience strove to forget;

To live that death scene o'er and o'er,
That final death would know no more;

To live in hoping and discontent
And sweetest of all, to die at length.

To die by fancy's thought and act
And then at last to die in fact.

But ah! about the busy bee
Whose greatest gift was to forsee;

Snug in a warm and spacious hive
This thrifty one was still alive,

Nor did the pangs of hunger haunt
Our busy friend with thoughts of want;

For he had stores enough to last
Long after winter's dying blast.

And thus with all his labors done
His just reward has now begun.

In rest and peace for months to last,
Well earned from efforts of the past.

My friends, ye whom this tale may read,
Let every one its moral heed.

Be wise, and like the busy bee,
The future will take care of thee.

But if to sloth you are inclined,
Partaking of the sluggard's mind

Then surely will you come to grief
From which 'tis hard to find relief.

Aye! like the drone and butterfly
Your laugh will melt into a sigh,

For as you sneer upon the world
In answering scorn its lips are curled;

Remember then as through life you go,
You cannot reap what you never sow.

Work for the fruit that is your reward,
For such your life was designed by God.

RETIREMENT OF GENERAL MILES

Farewell! lay down thy trusty arms
With many a victory blest,
No more shalt thou at war's alarms
March forward with the rest;
Thy day is done, thy crown is won,
Heed not the battle cry,
Another's hand shall guide thy band
Where gladly thou wouldst die.

Farewell! thou sturdy martial son,
Thy nation wills it so;
Flushed with the heat of battles won
Thou turnest from the foe;
No more shall they in stern array
Behold thy valiant form
Outlined on high against the sky
A mountain in the storm.

The heart that never quailed with fear
Still beats the same as yore;
The soldier holds thy memory dear
Though he hears thy voice no more,
Nor sees thy steed in direst need
Dash by the wavering lines,
To do or die in that flashing eye
Where the light of victory shines.

No more beneath the battle's smoke
Where roared the grape and shell,
Where thundering cannon rudely woke
The dark confines of hell,
Shall thou command Columbia's band
'Neath the standard of the free,
A firmer glance when the foes advance
And a smile when they turn and flee.

Calm in the face of bitter woe
When the fields were scarred and torn
By the stubborn charge of the haughty foe
On the breast of battle borne,
Thy sturdy form rode through the storm
While bullets fell like rain,
And amid the din thy valiant men
Found graves on the bloody plain.

Lay down the sword that won thee fame,
No more its flashing steel
Shall add new lustre to thy name
Where foemen cringe and kneel
Upon the field that they must yield
Despite the sullen pride
That scorned retreat, while at their feet
Their comrades nobly died.

A mournful silence haunts the day
Where once the savage band
Defeated, fled in wild dismay
Before thy iron hand;
The bleeding West with peace is blest,
No warlike chants of yore
Peal o'er the plains where freedom reigns
And lauds thee evermore.

The savage chieftain, pale with dread,
Still hears thy martial strains
As when uprising o'er the dead
They shook the bloody plains
As shook the world when Zion hurled
Her wrath upon the land,
And dusky braves filled nameless graves
In the wake of thy gallant band.

Yet all is still as the voice of death,
And the roars of war are hushed,
The warrior broods with a vain regret
O'er the power that Miles has crushed;
No war cry sounds o'er the narrow mounds
That gleam when the moon is full,
And the redmen weep when the shadows creep
O'er the grave of Sitting Bull.

There, too, where the savage foe was slain
In the waning light of day,
Side by side on the grassy plain
The graves of the troopers lay;
There Custer sleeps, while a nation weeps
O'er the spot where he sank to rest
With the chosen few, each staunch and true
As the pride of the crimson West.

Above the grave of the martyr grows
Fairest gem of its maker's art;
Fair e'en when the north wind fiercely blows
The flower of Custer's heart;
No traitor's scorn was ever born
To crush its glowing pride
For it guards the grave of the fallen brave,
The spot where Custer died.

Ah! would that thou hadst fallen too
In the heat of the conquering fray
Than to live, alas! to vainly rue
The grief of this parting day;
The shameful scorn so basely born
In the hearts of ungrateful men
Who idle stood, whilst thy noble blood
Was shed in the battle's din.

Fitting comrade of the slain chief
Would that thou shared his fate
Ere thy gray hairs should come to grief
Through the censuring powers of hate;
A jealous wrath that strews the path
Of the heroic great, with woe,
From the envious mind that prayed behind
While his comrades faced the foe.

Then cast the battered helmet down
That decks thy noble brow,
Its crimson war crest scorns the frown
That greets its wearer now;
Thy dauntless breast that stood the test
Of years of bitter strife
Is just as proud beneath the cloud
That mars the hero's life.

Farewell! upon thy listening ear
Falls not the voice of praise,
The minion greets thee with a sneer,
No lips an anthem raise
To laud thy deeds that memory reads
From her golden scroll of fame,
Thy laurel crown is the traitor's frown
And the slur upon thy name.

But where the few will meanly scorn
The many justly laud
The native love within thee born,
That choicest gift of God;
Then cease to fear the traitor's sneer,
His loathing to extol,
'Tis but the wrath of an envied path,
The scorn of a perjured soul.

Base envy born in the craven heart
Where hast thou battles won?
When hast the wiles of thy evil art
Laid low proud Victory's son?
Alas! the strife that gave thee life
Knew not its weakling's strength,
Thy poisoned tear may move the sphere,
But the world will soon relent.

And relenting shall its righteous power
Crush out thy serpent wiles
Loosed in the depths of an evil hour
And backed by gracious smiles
That sought to trace a foul disgrace
Where honor nobly lies;
Go, seek the knave, they craven slave,
Bask in his evil eyes!

Base art! no longer canst thou reign,
Thy vice has lost its crown,
The world greets thee with rude disdain
And honor with a frown.
Go, seek the heart that bred thy art,
The breast that gave thee life
To stir the pangs of thy vicious fangs,
The cunning of thy evil strife!

Accursed passion; thus basely perish
All kindred feelings born;
What breast would fain thy rancor cherish
To hold it up to scorn,
To the bitter curse of hearts that nurse
A far more noble pride
That fain would spurn thy glances stern,
Thy idle threats deride.

Then fare thee well, thou valiant one,
Who well has borne his part,
The heroic creed of a gallant son,
The faith of a noble heart;
God speed thy years that envy's tears
Can never dim with shame,
Nor base-born pride in anger chide
Thy humble boast of fame.

The hand of Time upon thy brow,
His harsh imprint has laid,
And gray hairs linger sadly now
Where oft hath meekly strayed
The sunny locks of guileless youth,
The pride of boyhood days;
Aye; old thou seem in form, in mien,
Yet ever young in praise.

The sunset fades upon thy sight
E'en as in days of yore
When oft the perils of brooding night
Thy heart unflinching bore,
The darkened scene—the savage mien
Of the foeman's grim array,
When he sought this hour to crush his power
Whom he feared to meet by day.

But, ah; the foeman waits no more
In ambush for his prey,
As in the bloody days of yore
He sought to vilely slay
The faithful few who never knew
The danger in advance;
The forms concealed, the wounds unhealed,
The hate in every glance.

No more the forest rings with cries
From the hideous painted form,
No more upon the prairie lies
Beneath the battle's storm
The mangled dead on their lowly bed
'Neath the muskets' crashing roar,
Or the redman's shrieks ere the rifle speaks
To still them evermore.

CUSTER'S LAST RALLY

The Sabbath is dawning and shrill cries of warn-
ing
Ring piercing from mountain and valley and
glen.
With eyes proudly flashing, brave Custer is dash-
ing
Along the stern ranks of his wild, gallant men.

His noble steed prancing, half frightened is glancing
Anon where the enemy lying concealed
Like fiends superhuman, of ill-fated omen,
Are waiting the call to the grim battlefield.

Up! up! from the valleys the little force rallies,
Their long, shining blades in the bright sunlight
dance;
Alert to the danger, the stout Western ranger
And tried veteran soldiers e'er forward advance.

Still proud and defiant, steadfastly reliant
On numbers so few that his eye counts them all,
Custer has spoken and the silence is broken
By the shrill, piercing blast of the bugle's sharp
call.

"To arms and advance!" in the general's stern
glance
Is read as War's anthem peals forth on the air.
God's soothing love keep him as death springs to
meet him,
This noblest of chieftains, aye; brave Yellow
Hair!

Wild, gallant cheering soon the savage is hearing,
As crouched in his ambush he watches his prey.
With smiles of derision he greets the swift vision,
While his black heart is beating with restless
delay.

What heart-rending sorrow will greet sad to-mor-
row
When the sun, rising over the Little Big Horn,
Will shed its first lustre on the dead forms of
Custer
And his men, with their faces upturned to the
morn.

What hearts sadly grieving yet scarcely believing
Their loved ones are taken so soon from their
side,
With patience are waiting, their duties forsaking,
To hear the dread news how the regiment died.

The savage is ready; his hand, firm and steady,
Is grasping the weapon concealed by his side.
Anon he is glancing where the foe is advancing,
His eye for the moment still flashing with pride.

There on the meadows 'neath the dawn's breaking
shadows
Lies the power that has shattered his ancient
domain,
And his anger increases as the bugle call ceases
And silence, grim silence, spreads o'er the vast
plain.

Not a murmur is heard save the clear, ringing word
Of command as it flashes along the whole line;
Though the crisis is nearing, though the outcome
they're fearing
Not a single man falters or broods o'er the sign.

E'en though they know it, what face there will show
it,

The truth that the redman is on the warpath;
Their's is to battle where musket balls rattle,
Their's not to flinch at the enemy's wrath.

Alone be it said of the now gallant dead
Not a single man faltered or cast wistful sighs,
But faced his fate stoutly wilst praying devoutly,
Surrendering only when death closed his eyes.

With wicked heart beating, the savage is creeping
Still nearer the ranks of the ill-fated band;
Already excited, his swarthy face lighted
With hopes of redeeming his dear native land.

The moments pass slowly, a silence most holy
Deceives the lone band that is crossing the plain;
So soon to be broken by war's dreadful token,
And the chill, bloody scenes of foul massacre's
reign.

But one trooper fearing, the savage is sneering,
As swiftly the little band seems to draw near,
Ah! how his face darkens as with terror he harkens
To the voice of their leader ringing forth on his
ear.

As the tall form advances beneath their stern glances
Not a savage but trembles with well-earned dis-
may;
For too well do they know the great strength of
the foe
When Custer, brave Custer, is leading the way.

His yellow hair streaming, his bright sword gleam-
ing

Daunts for the moment their desperate desire.
But hate is the master, the heart beats the faster
When moved to vile passions by long cherished
ire.

Hate turns to rejoicing, war's sentiments voicing,
The savage though fearing Big Chief Yellow
Hair,

Is inwardly smarting 'neath swift anger starting
That boasts of his wrongs and his hopeless
despair.

Aye! hopeless 'twould seem, yet the one luring
dream

That the redman caresses so fondly with pride
Is to free his wronged nation though endless crea-
tion

Should loan its vast strength to the enemy's side.

The thought is distressing and wildly expressing
The depth of his anger, he springs to his feet.
With fangs fiercely gnashing and evil eyes flashing,
Hemming in the lone foe ere they pause to re-
treat.

Too late! Ah, too late to avoid their dread fate!
The forces of Custer perceived their sad plight;
To their arms quickly turning, on the instant dis-
cerning

'Tis useless to falter or think now of flight.

Their ranks far outnumbered, the strength that has
slumbered

In breasts trained to courage by hardships of
years,
Now swiftly arising, their hearts are despising
The treacherous foe and his vilest of sneers.

What hideous screaming, what wicked eyes gleam-
ing

Boasts of the fury that rankles each breast,
As roused by the note from the bugle's shrill throat
The Indian's valor is put to the test.

The war whoop has sounded, the staunch band sur-
rounded

By creatures all thirsty for war's brutal gore;
Now vainly endeavor the cordon to sever
While hundreds are falling to rise never more.

Wounded and bleeding, still gallantly leading
His troopers against the vast ranks of the foe
The white chief is fighting, his eager eye lighting
With scorn as he parries each death-dealing blow.

Forward! e'er forward, the carnage is horrid;
Bullets are sweeping the corpse-strewn plain.
Sabres are flashing, tomahawks crashing
With sickening thud through each helmet and
brain.

Back and forth surging, stung by the urging
Of Custer who seems the one soul of them all,
The troopers are kneeling, now helplessly reeling,
Stricken to death by the swift pistol ball

Oh; the wild daring, the frenzied despairing
Of charges that shatter the foe but in vain;
Oh; the weird splendor, their valor doth render
In cup's fullest measures to war's cruel reign.

Not a single rank wavers, not a lone trooper quavers
But each like the stout Spartan soldier of old
At his post stands unshaken, alone and forsaken,
Like the tree in the desert that groans in the cold.

Their rifles are cracking, the strength that is lacking

In the few scattered forces now left to war's din
Is cancelled by daring and the rough, noble bearing
Of the gallant white chief as he rallies his men.

Vain rescue conceiving, his sabre is cleaving
The air like flashes of weird lightning's stroke;
Firm and unflinching, his lips tightly clenching,
Endeavoring but vainly to ward off the yoke.

Not a single step yielding, anon stoutly wielding
The weapon that pierces the red, brawny foe;
For freedom still trying though wounded and dying,
The trooper is aiming his last fatal blow.

Then death doth relieve him and those left to grieve
him
Perceive his tall form as it sways to and fro.
This one fate desiring, he lies there expiring,
Unconquered, unyielding, his feet to the foe.

While yet slowly dying, his mangled form lying
In the bright crimson tide that still ebbs from his
breast,
O'er his silent foe bending, his keen knife descending,
Kneels the bloodthirsty fiend of the fair, bleeding
West.

Not the heart's foulest scheming, not the stern,
wicked gleaming
Of the scalping knife poised o'er his ball-shattered
head;
Not his scalp, warm and reeking, that the savage is
seeking
Can alter the calm, tranquil smile of the dead.

The redman arises with the plunder he prizes,
The long, flowing locks from the late trooper's
head
His lips move in cursing, his wrath he is nursing,
As he hurls the warm scalp in the face of its
dead.

On his heels scarce he's turning, his evil eyes burn-
ing
With the wild glow of malice that springs into
view
Ere his path is contested and the knife quickly
wrested
From his grasp, by a comrade of him whom he
slew.

His swarthy brow darkens, his keen ear harkens
To the low, bitter tones of the white trooper's
voice;
That sneering smile haunts him, that angry voice
taunts him,
And he springs at his foe, 'tis his one forlorn
choice.

The lone trooper meets him, with taunting laugh
greets him,
Whilst posing above him the keen, gory knife;
Not an instant delaying, his mind bent on slaying
The fiend who has taken his gallant friend's life.

To his peril swiftly waking, the savage is making
One last desperate rally to ward off his fate,
For one fleeting moment he holds his opponent
In a weird, brawny grasp that is strengthened by
hate.

But the wiry foe bending, a sharp sudden ending
O'ertakes the grim battle while yet at its height.
As the crazed savage lunges, the white trooper
 plunges
The knife in his bosom with all his stern might.

The shrill death-song rattles; the last of his battles
Is fought, and has ended in Death's grim embrace.

The chant slowly dying, a low-bitter sighing
Parts the thin lips as he views his disgrace.

Anon, backward springing, his arms wildly flinging,
Convulsed with Death's frenzy above his proud
 head,

With face agonizing, his end realizing,
He is cursing his foe as he falls forward dead.

So the scene passes, the huge struggling masses
Surge heartless alike o'er the late fallen foes,
Heedless of the sighing from the ranks of the dying,
Ever busy resenting the enemy's blows.

Still dauntless the cheering as grim doom appearing
Looms up so despairing to the last of the troops;
Not a single man winces; not a brave spirit flinches
As their feeble shouts answer the brutal war-whoops.

One by one they are falling; their voices still calling
Aloud to their comrades left battling behind
Not to give up the fighting though the odds are fast
 blighting
The hopes of a rescue now doomed in each mind.

Their urgings are heeded though the little band
needed

Not their gallant incentives to spur their souls on.
Though their strength is fast waning while the savage
is gaining,

Though their hearts tell them plainly redemption
is gone.

Where the foe is the thickest, where the action is
quickest

The noble white chief makes his last bloody stand.
Round their grim leader forming whilst gallantly
storming

The foe's haughty ranks spring the last of his
band.

Not a murmur escapes them at the fate that awaits
them,

But each in his place like the soldier of Rome,
Stands panting and breathless with a valor that's
deathless

Every rapid blow telling, every shot going home.

Oh, God! it was fearful, the sad scenes and tearful,
Enacted that day on the Little Big Horn;

War's carnage and thunder and the vain hapless
blunder

That doomed a brave band on that fair, lovely
morn.

The leaden balls raining, the crimson tide staining
The torn, bloody field that is strewn with the
slain.

The Sioux's gleeful crying, the groans of the dying,
As their tomahawks free the proud, helpless from
pain.

At his very feet dying, his brothers are lying,
While Custer can only look on with regret;
With eager foes busy, his anguished brain dizzy,
He falters with grief—ah! his turn will come
yet.

A lull in the firing; a trooper desiring
To save his loved leader offers means of escape;
His eager eyes glisten but his chief will not listen
As he waves him aside and returns to his fate.

Not his wife's face, or mother's, not the death of
his brothers
Can make him resign the vain field that is won;
So back he's returning, his saddened heart yearning
For the death that awaits him when his task will
be done.

Unwilling to leave him though his answer doth
grieve him
The stout gallant trooper remains by his side,
His own freedom scorning, in his faithful breast
dawning
New sparks of emotion that he tries hard to hide.

A charmed life he's bearing, as a haughty smile
wearing,
The big Yellow Chief greets the foe with disdain;
His keen sabre wielding, his life he is shielding,
While the bullets are falling around him like
rain.

His great strength is telling, every sabre stroke fell-
ing
A savage, all gory with blood, to the plain;
He sweeps all before him and those who ignore him
Reel weak and unsteady, half blinded with pain.

Soon the trooper is taken, yet Custer, unshaken
Falters not for an instant, but glancing aside
By a blow of his sabre slays the fierce, dusky neighbor
Whose vile hand has murdered his companion and guide.

The dusky foes fear him, yet strive to get near him,
Each to count coup on the big Yellow Chief,
Will dare all perdition for this great ambition
So exalting doth it seem in his frenzied belief.

Crazed and defeated ere their aim is completed
The foe has retreated full ten times or more,
Each fiendish heart burning with intense, eager yearning
To slay the white chief and his proud laurels lower.

Their every blow foiling, brave Custer is toiling
As virtue ne'er toiled in a vain, hopeless strife,
Not for his liberty, such a hope cannot be,
But to sell oh! so dearly a staunch, noble life.

His efforts are failing, his stern cheeks are paling
Not with despair, but fatigue and distress;
Quick to perceiving, his pain is relieving
To the foe who already count one trooper less.

Aroused by their yelling, his brave spirit quelling
The fatigue that is rising, he struggles anew,
But his efforts are wasted, the savage has tasted
The full tide of victory in death's woeful hue.

An angry scowl wearing, a savage more daring
Than the rest of his comrades, springs at the lone form.
But this act, his undoing, too late he is rueing
As the sabre descends like a flash in the storm.

Anon he is reeling, his shrill death cry pealing
In wild, frenzied notes that are tinged with his
woe.

Rain-in-the-face hearing, his lips part in sneering
As he fills the place vacant and faces the foe.

His dark face is working with a hate that is lurk-
ing

In the black, evil heart of this fiend of the West;
His bright pistol flashes and the cruel ball crashes
Laden with death in that staunch, fearless breast.

Custer's pallid lip quivers, his giant frame shivers
As the fire in his eye scorns the blood streaming
slow

Like the wretched slave dying to his slayer replying,
In the fierce Roman circle hemmed in by the foe.

Calm and serenely, his gaze fastened keenly

On him who for murder sought he to condemn.
Unmoved by their jeering, his end he is nearing

Like a flower that is wilting on a torn, broken
stem.

He raises his sabre, 'tis strenuous labor,

Too much for the strength that is failing him
fast,

Yet his slayer still fears him for as Custer nears
him

Dismay is expressed in the look that is cast.

Ah! the savage is fleeing and Custer forseeing

His end drawing nearer with each painful stride,
Is fierce in desire ere his efforts expire

To conquer the wretch by whose hand he has
died.

Alas! though he is gaining, strong nature is waning
And he sways in his gait like a leaf in the breeze,
Like one palsy-stricken his shattered nerves sicken
And he moans as he falters and sinks to his knees.

He is struggling to rise but a mist fills his eyes
As he totters in vain to his worn, weary feet;
Another ball tearing through the rough coat he's
wearing,
And his soul has departed where the purest souls
meet.

Slow! Oh, so slowly, with face calm and holy,
He falls weakly forward on the wet, bloody plain.
Not a foe dare go near him for in death still they
fear him
While his blue eyes are smiling with scornful dis-
dain.

His courage returning, his fiendish heart yearning
To seize the fair locks that adorn his proud head,
His slayer forward dashes and his scalping knife
flashes
Triumphantly forth in the face of the dead.

Though they know it will pain him, his comrades
restrain him
From marring the features so rigid in death;
In life they respected; in death they neglected
Not the body of him whose sad fate they regret.

Though his death is relieving, the Sioux are still
grieving
O'er him, who in life they admired so much;
Round his body uniting where he died nobly fight-
ing,
They spare his slain form from the knife's cruel
touch.

Baffled and cursing 'neath the wrath he is nursing
His slayer dashes madly where in death lying
near
Custer's brother is sleeping, and o'er mangled forms
leaping
He tears out the heart that had never known fear.

The heavy smoke clearing, the sun is appearing
Where one lone survivor still battles for life;
His sword feebly grasping, he falls prone and gasp-
ing,
A martyr to vengeance and war's cruel strife.

The troops torn and scattered with brains foully
battered
By the merciless tomahawk when scorned they to
yield,
In broken ranks lying are moaning and dying;
Ah! Custer himself gazes last o'er the field.

The sun is descending; the long day is ending
In red, rosy flushes that gladden the West.
The blue sky is riven with the smiles that are given
By God, when He calls all His creatures to rest.

Thus ended the battle and the muskets' fierce rattle
Is echoed no more o'er the land once distressed.
Where they fell, they are sleeping, while a nation
is weeping
O'er the graves of the martyred who have gone
forth to rest.

Though time may outlive them, the laurels we give
them
Shall dim not in lustre or pale with neglect,
But with staunch, endless glory shall we hark to
their story
And the lives gave so nobly ne'er shall we forget.

Yea! the tear softly falling, in silence recalling
The voices of ones long since hushed in death
Shall deck with its weeping the spot where they're
sleeping
While fond hearts are beating with priceless regret.

May our memory undying, may the heart's gentle
sighing
Remember with pity that saddest of days;
In our minds ever keeping the spot where they're
sleeping,
Let us sing with the North wind a requiem of
praise.

Where the blossoms grow sweetest, where the sun's
mildest heat is,
Where the summer is radiant with the scent of
perfume,
Where the green grasses growing in the soft wind
are blowing,
Underneath, rest the troopers who met such a
doom.

Where the songs never-ending of the gay birds
descending
From the green, spreading branches that sway
overhead,
Fill the vale with their musing but the rarest notes
choosing,
Lie the hallowed remains of the nation's brave
dead.

Where the very earth scented with a happy, contented,
Sweet, loving smile that adorns the whole plain,
Where all Nature is brightest, where the moon's
softest light is,
In calm, tranquil peace lie the graves of the slain.

'Neath the sun's waning shadows, where the vast,
sweeping meadows
Are decked with the purest of Nature's array,
Silent and lowly, in a calm that is holy,
In their last, martyred sleep, lie the dead of the
fray.

Such is the story of a proud nation's glory
Upheld by the truest and bravest of sons;
Their deeds let us cherish, nor that love ever perish
We bestow, oh! so fondly, on the dear sleeping
ones.

JOHN STORM, THE OUTLAW

Up from the meadows clear and bright,
Beneath the moon's descending light
His rifle in his hand
On, on, he sped o'er moor and plain,
His grasp firm on his charger's rein,
Before his gallant band.

"They say an outlaw vile am I,
All forward!" rang his fierce reply
Unto his robber men,
And rising in their stirrups high,
Outlined against the starlit sky,
They thundered through the glen.

The hoof-beats sounded on the night,
At every stride a flash of light
Gleamed 'neath their horses' feet
As forward o'er the stony road
They dashed beneath their gallant load
With gallop sure and fleet.

When morn was breaking from the sky
His brave lieutenant was to die
For murder, so they said,
At Hardwick many miles away,
And ah! a distant streak of gray
Was dawning overhead.

He stroked his coal-black charger's mane,
And urged him on and on again
In this stern hour of need,
And with a gesture of his hand
He beckoned to his gallant band
To double now their speed.

With glances stern upon the east
Where e'er that streak of gray increased
They answered with a cheer
That shook the rough and hardened ground
With burst of wild, defiant sound
That echoed far and near.

With flashing eye and gesture proud
That many a stalwart foe had cowed
Spake he in bitter scorn:
"My men, shall Lester Waldron die?"
"No! No!" rang back their fierce reply
Against the silent morn.

"And I say no, or else to-day
Shall see this body lifeless clay;
Yea; ere this morn has fled.
For foemen ne'er shall boast their prey,
Aye! he, whom they this morn would slay
Save when John Storm is dead."

"Because to save his life he slew,
Would they now hang our comrade true
Beside his prison pen?
For be it murder as they say,
When one to save himself must slay,
Ah! his was murder then."

"His was no crime to you or me,
His deed was done for liberty,
No matter what they say;
And though this morn should see me dead
No noose shall grace my comrade's head
To take his life away"

"It is no death for such as he
The base, ignoble gallows tree,
Aye; strangled like a cur;
Fain would I seek the depths of hell
Lured on by Satan's vilest spell
Than such a fate prefer."

"John Storm, the outlaw, spurned by all
Save ye who answer now his call,
Is more a man to-day
Than those who flaunting justice proud
Would drag his friend before the crowd
To take his life away."

"For what? For striking down a foe
Who aimed at him a fatal blow
When he his back had turned;
Far more a murderer than our friend
Whose life to day they've sworn to end,
Whose story they have spurned."

"Who, poorly matched against the skill
Of him whose hand was raised to kill,
Returned the coward's thrust,
And sent him reeling to the earth,
Dazed from his dagger, mortally hurt,
For which now die he must."

"False tongues have sworn his life away,
False hands shall grasp the rope to-day
To do the sheriff's beck,
False eyes shall sneer into his face,
False hands the hangman's noose shall place
About his quivering neck."

"E'en now, perchance, within his cell
The sheriff reads the prisoner's knell
With base, triumphant breath;
But not while I, John Storm, doth live
Shall he the hated signal give
To launch him unto death."

The outlaw trembled as he spoke,
And deep within his eyes awoke
A hidden, slumbering fire;
And down his rigid cheeks there ran
Two burning tears, bred of a man
Filled with a fond desire.

He looked again unto the east,
The darkness waned, the light increased,
With Hardwick miles away.
His nervous grasp still stroked the rein,
His stern face wore a look of pain
Increasing with the day.

Again he urged his noble beast,
Nor took his eyes from off the east
Now faint with crimson red,
And thundering boldly in his wake
A trusty comrade's life at stake,
The sturdy outlaws sped.

O'er fields now dim 'neath the morning light,
Led by a steed as black as night,
And on each face a frown;
By mountain side where torrents flowed
Like charging troopers, fast they rode,
On toward the distant town.

Swift as the waking lark takes flight,
Swift as the deadly flash of light
That rends the stormy skies,
Onward they swept through valleys wide,
Appearing now on every side
Confronted by their eyes.

Soon faint against the clouds of gray
Where night was taking leave of day
A distant steeple shone,
And with a wild, triumphant cheer
That echoed on the morning clear,
They urged their horses on.

Right nobly did their steeds reply
With lightning hoof and whinnied cry,
And nostrils white with foam;
With eyes that fairly blazed with fire
Fixed on that distant looming spire
As if it were their home.

It was the church of Hardwick town,
Whose mighty spire glanced proudly down
Upon a scene of strife,
Upon the horsemen far away
And racing with the dawning day
To save their comrade's life.

And as upon the spire they glanced
With steady stride their steeds advanced,
Nor did a stout heart quail,
Thus, ere had passed another hour,
Rose far beneath the gloomy tower
Of Hardwick's guarded jail.

Then did their faces sterner grow
Flushed with a deep, impatient glow,
Anon as black as night;
As with a single bound they passed
The crowds of people there amassed
To view the gruesome sight.

The latter stood amazed, aghast,
And fearful were the looks they cast
Upon the outlaw band,
Now charging swiftly on their town,
With flashing eye and bitter frown,
And rifle in each hand.

With rein drawn tight between their teeth
Dashed they upon the crowded street
Their deadly rifles aimed,
Their maddened chargers panting hard
Sprang for the yawning prison yard,
With angry eyes aflamed.

Thus through the massive iron gate,
And fearful lest he be too late
John Storm sprang in the lead;
Within the hated prison yard
Brained he the stern and watchful guard
Who would have stopped his steed.

There on the scaffold poised to speak,
With quivering lip and manly cheek,
His brave lieutenant stood
With hands and feet securely bound,
And flashing eyes fixed on the ground
Beneath that frame of wood.

Where stood his foes, an angry flood,
Still thirsting for its victim's blood
With mingled frown and sneer,
To whom sought he to make reply
That he was not afraid to die
Though life to him was dear.

Scarce had the wretched captive spoke
Ere from the crowd a murmur broke,
Increasing to a cry;
A cry of wildest dread and fright
And glancing swiftly to the right
He caught his leader's eye.

John Storm, with angry voice and loud,
Had forced his charger through the crowd,
And thundering in his rear
His fearless outlaws nobly bore
Down on the gate 'mid din of roar
That drowned their gallant cheer.

A scene of wild alarm prevailed,
The sheriff's sturdy features paled,
But with a gallant stride
He mounted on the scaffold high,
Erect stood he, with flashing eye,
Firm by the captive's side.

He feared the rescue now at hand
Planned by the dreaded robber band,
Yet with a stalwart pride
Bred in the spirit of the brave
To noblest impulse e'er the slave
Their efforts he defied.

E'en as the prisoner thrilled with hope
His hand was on the trusty rope,
And grasping now the noose
While yet his foes were held in check
He drew it 'round the captive's neck
Though hell below was loose.

The guards were battling with their foes,
Where cries of rage and pain arose
In tumult from the ground.
Ah! fiercely now the rifle spoke
And shrieks of mortal woe awoke
In echoes all round.

The scaffold swayed, the timbers shook,
But with a bold, defiant look
The sheriff forward sprang
And seized the captive's trembling arm
Despite the threats of bodily harm
That far below him rang.

A rifle aimed—a fearful shout:
“Stop! Stop!” an angry voice rang out;
The bullet grazed his brow.
Resolved to carry out the law
He reeled, he staggered, and he saw
John Storm below him now.

The crowd against the scaffold surged,
But still his conscience stoutly urged
Him forward in his work;
Though blood had filled his flashing eyes
He heeded not their warning cries
Nor would his duty shirk.

Still dazed, he forced the prisoner's feet
Upon the trap, that underneath
Already was prepared.
"Stop! Stop!" rang out that wild alarm,
A bullet broke his stout right arm,
But still the foe he dared.

John Storm was wild with anger now,
A frown had gathered on his brow
Dark as a thunder cloud;
His eyes admired the sturdy sight
And thrice his voice with all his might
Conveyed a warning loud.

"Stop! Stop!" cried he above the roar,
In vain the outlaw fumed and swore,
The sheriff would not stop;
As with a weak and gasping cry
His firm left hand was raised on high
To spring the fatal drop.

Much as he scorned to slay the foe
Whose steadfast courage moved him so
John Storm took deadly aim,
Twice had his shots bespoke his skill
And now his pistols aimed to kill,
His tenderer pulse o'ercame.

Two shots rang out upon the air,
The sheriff reeled with ghastly stare
From him he would have hung;
One shot had pierced his gallant brain,
The other cut the rope in twain
E'en as the trap was sprung.

Well had the noble sheriff tried
To stem that stout opposing tide
That warned him to retreat,
And as his form fell forward dead
The captive's body downward sped
To fall at John Storm's feet.

With pistol grasped in either hand,
Surrounded by his outlaw band,
John Storm gazed fiercely round
And held the eager foe at bay
That surged where now the captive lay
Unconscious on the ground.

The latter's hands were swiftly freed
And mounted on that coal black steed
Supported by his chief
Began the outlaw's mad retreat,
The crowd swayed 'neath the horses' feet,
Where rose their wails of grief.

A guard now sprang to close the gate,
He shared his dauntless sheriff's fate,
A bullet laid him low.
Despite his death another tried,
And like his comrade nobly died
Beneath a crushing blow.

In vain the crowd would stop their flight
With threatening scowls as black as night
They drove their steeds ahead,
But not unscathed, for all around
Were lying on the bloody ground
Their dying and their dead.

With every bound they gained new strength
Till pausing by the gate at length
They forced their passage through,
And dashed along the narrow street
E'en as they came, with flying feet,
But not the same stern crew.

Their comrade's life had cost them dear,
For slain in groups far in their rear
Full half their number lay,
And though John Storm had kept his word
No wild, triumphant cheer was heard
As he now rode away.

For stalwart men like his were few,
And ne'er a sturdier nobler crew
Obeyed a chief's command,
And ne'er were nobler foes in life
Than those who perished in the strife,
Slain by the outlaw band.

The hot sun soon shone brightly down
Upon the jail at Hardwick town,
Upon the scaffold drear
Where lay the sheriff's silent form
Whose dauntless heart had braved the storm
Without a trace of fear.

Sadly its beams played on each face
Of grappled foes in death's embrace
Strewn on the ground beneath,
Where lay across the gloomy yard
A row of mingled foe and guard
That marked John Storm's retreat.

Oh, what a harvest of the fight
That marred a morning fair and bright
 With shrouded pall of death:
John Storm safe many miles away
Cursed his harsh fortunes of that day
 With stern blasphemous breath.

And wails rose up in Hardwick town
O'er sturdy manhood's pride cut down
 By his enraged decree.
Long was that day in terror held
When he against the law rebelled
 And set his comrade free.

THE CORPORAL'S TALE OF GETTYS- BURG

I can see the ranks advancing,
And the horses madly prancing,
While all eyes are sternly glancing
O'er the field.
I can hear the roar of battle,
And the musket's awful rattle
Where the foe like stricken cattle
Backward reeled.

But anon they bravely rally,
And from guarded ridge and valley
Soon their rebel forces sally
Once again.
Ah! bloody was the charge they made,
As mounted horse and light brigade
Sprang on unconquered, undismayed,
O'er the plain.

There fiercely fell the sabre's stroke,
Cannon's thunder deafening spoke,
Veterans, as they wildly broke,
Turned and fled.
There wounded horse and rider fell
Stark in that mad incarnate hell,
Where smothered groans announced the knell
Of the dead.

Two brothers, North and South, had met
In one long duel unto death;
Aye! with the spark of vain regret
In each heart.
Strong brothers in the sight of God
Drenched with their blood their native sod,
One, that slavery's hated rod
Might depart.

The other in his haughty pride,
Back with grim shot and shell replied,
And in his anger would have died
Ere he quailed.

Alas! though both of one great race
Dark, sullen hatred tinged each face,
Which deep the omen of disgrace
Now had paled.

Still back and forth the columns surge,
Here, Death now chants his mournful dirge,
There, all grimed, the generals urge
On their men.

Oh! the mad horror of it all
As the torn bodies reel and fall
Amid the scream of the cannon ball
And war's din.

Battered ranks of the blue and gray,
All panting fight the livelong day,
And mute in silence dumbly pray
Each might win.
The one to free the burdened slave
Unswerving claims a hero's grave,
The other just as staunch and brave,
Guards the sin.

There, in the early flush of morn,
Up through the fields of yellow corn,
And panting where their ranks are torn,
Charge the foe.
Side by side their sabres flashing
Quick through brain and helmet crashing,
Backward wheeling, forward dashing,
Blow for blow.

Now the rebels force the fighting,
Eyes with anger swiftly lighting,
Stung to madness by the blighting
Of their hope;
Staunch in purpose, firm, unshaken,
Though their strongest flanks are taken,
Efforts in the troops awaken
Whom they cope.

Lee is foremost, vainly calling
To the troopers round him falling,
Where the heavy fire and galling
Sweeps the field.
Ceaseless in his words of bravery
Death to him who censures slavery,
Ne'er to Northern scheming knavery
Would he yield.

"Charge the line!" 'Tis Meade whose crying
Shrill above the groans and sighing
Leaping o'er the dead and dying
On his steed.
Eyes aflash and stern repeating
To his troopers fast retreating
Urgings rife in his sharp greeting
Born in need.

Now the plunging horse beneath him
Wounded, threatens to unseat him;
Oh! the yells and cheers that greet him
From his ranks.
Swift their answer to his daring,
Faithful unto death, they're swearing,
O'er the plains their steeds are tearing
With torn flanks.

Cannon sweeps the ranks asunder,
Belching forth their awful thunder,
Heaps of mangled dead lie under
Scenes of horror.

Quivering groups of dying totter
In that hell of fiendish slaughter;
Oh, Columbia! woe has wrought her
Chains of sorrow.

Vicious hoof-beats maim the dying
Loud for mercy vainly crying;
Crash! each iron hoof replying,
Takes a life.

Cannon roar and martyrs reeling
Helpless now, and weakly kneeling,
Still heroes' worn strength revealing
Urge the strife.

Now the day is slowly dying,
Hushed in death the ranks are lying,
Crooning winds a requiem sighing
Guard the dead.
Sadly twilight is descending,
Hark! the bugle's notes are ending,
Martial strains are softly blending
O'er each head.

Side by side, in death united,
Lie the foes whose lives were blighted
By the wrongs one would have righted,
One defend.
Fairest Luna from her station
Mourns the proud and bleeding nation,
Mute in awe, all earth's creation
Waits the end.

Hastening to the field of slaughter
Comes the weeping wife or daughter,
Tearful news has swiftly brought her
To the scene.

Silently she sadly passes
'Mid the scarred and mangled masses
Strewn about the crimson grasses
Once so green.

Peering in the silent faces
Fearful lest familiar traces
Mar the hope the heart embraces
For his fate.

Kneeling now, while tears are streaming
On the stricken features gleaming
Ghastly, in the moon's soft beaming,
Found too late.

Perhaps among the slain she'll find him,
For no loving tie could bind him
To the home left far behind him
Who can tell.

Perhaps deserted, scorned, and dying,
Wrapped in faded blue he's lying;
Perhaps in tattered gray he's sighing
Where he fell.

To her bosom fast she holds him,
Mute her anguished clasp enfolds him;
Death a shroud of glory moulds him
'Mid the slain.

Perhaps he lives to hear her blessing,
While his fevered brow she's pressing,
To the heart thoughts are distressing,
Thoughts of pain.

Sisters sad and widowed mothers
Seek their missing sons and brothers
Where lie countless forms of others

In array.

Stilled the hearts once proudly beating,
Scorned they life won by retreating;
Silent in their hallowed greeting,
Blue and gray.

Morning dawns again, and heeding
Victories won the day preceding,
Meade is up and wildly leading
On his men.

Full against the tattered foeman
Restless ranks of sturdy yeoman
Dauntless 'neath despairing omen
Of war's din.

Again the tumult, roar and rattle,
Again the wretched scenes of battle,
Again the field, where grazed the cattle
Hours ago,
Is frenzied 'neath the wild disorder
All gory stained from ridge to border,
And rampart 'neath that ringing order:
"Charge the foe!"

Noonday's blazing hour soon fleeting
Hails the same remorseless greeting,
Flinching ne'er and ne'er retreating
Still they ride.
Thinner yet and thinner growing
As the grass of Autumn's mowing
Reel the ranks, while eyes are glowing
Faint with pride.

Sunset with its gorgeous glory
Repeats the oft repeated story,
And mocking skies all red and gory
View the sight.
Thousands whom that fatal morning
Saw the foulest dangers scorning
Now the trampled field adorning
Greet the night.

Silence; deathless silence reigning,
Not the faintest murmur deigning,
Save the pensive winds complaining
Guards the night.
Softly taps sad strains are dying
Fraught with comrades' bitter sighing
O'er the dead, a harvest lying
Of the fight.

Calm upon their laurels waiting,
Weary yet all rest forsaking,
Northern troops descry the breaking
Of the dawn.
Flash their eyes impatient glancing
Where the light in skies advancing
Dims the phantom bon-fires dancing
O'er the lawn.

Wrapped in gloom the foe is sleeping
Where the rebel guard is keeping
Anxious watch o'er daylight creeping
In the East.
Mild with tinted hues so tender,
Regal in its hallowed splendor,
Rich with all that God can render
To dawn's feast.

At the drum beat sadly waking
Peaceful dreams of home forsaking,
Hurried preparations making
For the fray,
Rise the rebel troopers scorning
All the vibrant joys of morning,
Hearts that hope is past adorning
Curse the day.

See! the dull gray lines are forming,
Madly o'er the plain they're storming,
Ere the first, faint flush of morning
Breaks in light.
Sweeping ranks of blue doth meet them,
Screaming shells with fury greet them,
Horses plunge and fall beneath them,
Crazed with fright.

Stalwart Lee is wildly riding
Where the smoke his form is hiding,
Where the foe grim death abiding
If they must
Sweep his standards on before them,
Crushing those who vainly bore them,
Cheering as they proudly lower them
To the dust.

Ah! the rebel cause is waning,
Bullets thick and fast are raining,
Countless victims sadly claiming
In their flight.
Bright the deadly swords are gleaming
Where the dim, uncertain beaming
Of the rising morn is screening
Scenes of strife.

Hand to hand the conflict wages,
Restless hope with death engages,
Fiercely like a tempest rages

The stern tide.

Breast to breast their sabres wielding,
Gaining ground and never yielding,
Dauntless zeal their bosoms shielding,
Blue troops ride.

Like the roar of mighty thunder,
Rending earth and sky asunder,
Pealing echoes burst from under

Clouds of smoke.

Crushed and beaten, backward reeling,
All the grief of martyrs feeling,
Bowed, in anguished torture kneeling
Stout hearts broke.

One more stubborn charge inspiring,
One more loyal stand desiring,
Where his men are fast expiring,

He yet thirsting

For revenge is Lee now dashing,
Firm, erect and stern eyes flashing,
Mid the roar and constant crashing
Of shells bursting.

All in vain he scans the faces
Scarred and seamed with warlike traces,
Blackened from the foul embraces

Of the powder.

Every tendon nobly straining
Firm, and not a man complaining,
Fighting still and death disdaining
Hearts beat louder.

Back in conquered footsteps turning,
Back from whence but few returning,
Filled with all a nation's yearning

Reel the foe.

Back with quenchless valor burning,
Back to certain death returning,
Back and every soul is spurning,

Thrust and blow.

Back till worn strength succumbing
Hails the bugle call and drumming,
Hails though far too late in coming,

Rest from pain.

Back till noble Lee forseeing
Death to every beast and being,
Joins his scattered forces fleeing

O'er the plain.

Long will live those days of warning,
Memory's sacred realms adorning,
When like the ardent rose of morning

Softly blended,

The star of freedom rose in glory
O'er battle fields, dark grim and gory,
And never set though Slavery's story

Long since ended.

HOW THE DEACON SAVED THE DAY

Have you ever heard the story how the deacon saved
the day?

No, you haven't? Wall, I swan!

'Twas nigh the little village just a trifle cross the
bay

That it happened while the neighbors were all busy
making hay,

Though some twenty years or more, I ween, have
since then passed away,

And with them, ah! the deacon too has gone.

Mebbe you would like to hear it; mebbe not; what's
that you said?

Why, sartin, stranger, hev a glass or two

Just in memory o' the deacon now a-lying cold and
dead

With the gravestone of a hero raised above his
lowly bed.

How's the cider strike ye, stranger, purty well I
think ye said;

No, stranger, thankee, no, one glass'll do.

I never was a drinker more'n sociable to be

All the neighbors too'll swear it, friend, I vow.

So you'd like to hear the story as it all comes back
to me

How the deacon saved the sailors from the gallant
Nancy B.

Sharing honors with his Dolly in that wild plunge
in the sea.

Hev a pipeful, there; I'll tell it to ye now.

Who was Dolly? Oh; his mare, sir, and a better
never ran

A-tween this town and Bentley, sir, I'll swear,
Nor was a beast e'er ridden by a truer, braver man

Than the deacon was; I'll tell ye just as truthful as
I can.

Deacon who? Why Deacon Brown, sir, What!
My goodness lan!

I thought they knew the deacon everywhere.

You see, it was the morning of the eighteenth of
July,

Nigher noon, my friend, perhaps I'd better say;
The sun was shining brightly in the peaceful summer sky

Where above the spotless clouds in tranquil glory
drifted by,

And the wind's low, sleepy murmur swept the ocean
with a sigh,

All nature was appealing to the day.

The neighbors all were busy as I said, a-making hay,

And the deacon like the honest man he was

With his sturdy brow besprinkled with the locks
of dawning gray,

Stood in his little pasture, not a half a mile away
From the spot where soon a hero he was to become that day.

Excuse me, stranger, I've just got to pause.

Ah! I never can recall it without a painful sigh,

The memory o' the deed he done that day,

Nor will I e'er forget it until the day I die,

Breathes not the man to speak of it without a tearful eye;

There, stranger, is the very spot, see, where the
breakers lie,

That he saved the drowning sailors from the bay.

Ay! stranger, as I said before, it was a lovely day,

A fairer one, indeed, I never knew,

But soon the wind had shifted out across the placid
bay

And a howling gale was raging where the tossing
vessels lay,

While the azure blue of heaven changing to a
frowning gray

Sent a warning swift and sartin to each crew.

The thunder soon a-pealing 'mid the blinding gusts
of rain

Seemed to waken all the echoes of the world;
And the lightning flashing broadly o'er the madly
tossing main

With every crash of thunder seemed to rend the
sky in twain,

While borne upon the breezes came weird, startled
cries of pain

Where the waves upon the rocks a ship had
hurled.

Wall, stranger, it was awful, jest as awful as could
be.

Yes, thankee, sir, I think I'll have a smoke.

Wall, we gathered on the coast, sir, a-straining eyes
to see

Where the trouble was a-brewing and oh, God!
the Nancy B

Lay a-pounding on the rocks, sir; her side unto the
lea,

Our faces paled with terror. Not a blessed being
spoke.

The boats were cast a-drift, sir, by a mighty rolling
wave

As she lay upon the rocks a total wreck,
Scurged by the angry ocean as the master beats his
slave,

At the mercy of the howling wind and wildly toss-
ing wave.

Alas! it seemed no human power exerted now could
save

The men who trod upon her reeling deck.

Some were lashed unto the rigging, peering wildly
in from sea

In vain appeal to us upon the shore;
Huddled in frightened groups, sir, just as nervous
as could be

Not knowing what to do, sir, to stand, sir, or to
flee.

Ah! the deacon—what is that, sir? Where, alas!
was he?

Listen closer, stranger, and I'll tell ye more.

At the first sound of distress, sir, he had hurried to
the coast

Mounted on his faithful mare, and glancing keen
Where the lightning showed the vessel a-looming
like a ghost

Sending messages for aid, sir, to us mortals on the
coast.

Not a word he ever spoke, sir, but away like Satan's
host

He fled as one enchanted by the scene.

To the village straight he went, sir, but returned
without delay

With a heavy rope now coiled around his breast,
Into the sea he plunged, sir, and across the lashing
bay

Against the winds and waves, sir, they stanchly
made their way

To where the Nancy B, sir, in awful peril lay

Every moment yielding to the ocean's crest.

We saw him hurl the rope, sir, from our station on
the shore,

And the sailors grasped it like a dawning hope;
Into the sea they plunged, sir, and we saw their
forms no more,

But the mare stoutly turned sir, and for the coast
she bore
With her load behind her trailing and praying for
the shore,
While every grasp was straining on the rope.

Wall, stranger, you were young, sir, too young per-
haps to hear

How the deacon rode his gallant mare that day
With his arms around her neck, sir, and the rope
a-trailing near
Fastened firmly round his breast, sir, and a-drawing
in his rear
Its freight of human mortals a-quaking now with
fear,
Across the raging waters of the bay.

You say you lived in Slocum, jest forty miles away,
Mighty queer, I reckon, that you never knew
Of the deacon and his mare, sir, or their ride across
the bay
On the eighteenth of July, sir, a well remembered
day.
Jest forty mile away, sir, jest forty mile away,
And ye never heard about the Nancy's crew?

Ay; it's queer, sir, I reckon, but the world is ever
so
And miracles oft come to pass that way.
But as I was a-saying, sir, since you really do not
know
How the deacon saved the sailors some twenty years
ago,
Jest a moment. Got a match, sir? How that
'fernal wind does blow.
Now about that daring ride across the bay.

Wall, the deacon was a man, sir, every inch from
ground to head,

And the mare—wall, a better one ne'er breathed.
But for them the Nancy's crew sir, would all be ly-
ing dead

'Neath the waters of the ocean on a cold and rocky
bed

With the waves a-chanting dirges in sadness over-
head,

Instead o' praising high the deacon's deed.

But the Maker hadn't planned it that the crew
should perish there

Though He wrecked them on the waters of the
bay;

He had sent the deacon thither with his ever-faith-
ful mare

As a ray of hope a-dawning in the darkness o' des-
pair,

And He surely never picked, I ween, a better fitted
pair

To make the gallant rescue of that day.

A-trembling, are ye, stranger? Wall, just a mo-
ment more,

And ye'll hear the end of all I've got to say.

The deacon and his mare, sir, soon reached the wel-
come shore

And a hundred pair of hands, sir; aye—a hundred
and a score

Relieved them of the burden, sir, they yet so stoutly
bore,

And again they set out o'er the stormy bay.

Thrice was that journey made sir, till the last man
of the crew

Was landed safe and sound upon the shore,
Jest in the nick o' time, sir, for the storm in fury
grew;

How it happened I can't tell, sir, for indeed I never
knew,
But the bark soon went to pieces, sir, and sank, alas!
from view
Forever 'neath the mighty tempest's roar.

Wall, the strain upon the deacon was, I ween, too
much to bear
And he fainted when he landed on the coast;
A-twixt jest you and me, sir, with a mighty tender
care
We took him in our arms, sir, for the dampness in
the air
Was such to bring on fever should he linger any
there.
He was white, I tell ye, stranger, aye, whiter than
a ghost.

Our care was unavailing, and he rapidly grew
worse,
For his daring ride had chilled him to the bone.
The fever soon set in, sir, and settled like a curse
To wage its loathsome battle with his ever-tender
nurse;
A fortnight, sir, he lingered, all the time a-growing
worse,
Then he passed away without a single moan.

Excuse this pesky tear, sir, ah! you are crying too.
Wall, I can't say as I blame ye much, my friend,
For the deacon was a man, sir, every inch as stanch
and true
As the bravest in the land, sir; ask the Nancy's gal-
lant crew.
Dash me, stranger, they will swear it, for his like
they never knew;
Ah! that he should come to such a bitter end.

We laid him on the hill, sir, beside his loving wife
In constant sight o' yonder sunken reef
Where twenty years or more ago he braved the
ocean's strife,
Ah! the memory o' that gallant deed to me is ever
rife,
And the mare, sir? Ah, she lingered on, unhappy
in this life
For a month or two, then up and died o' grief.

WHEN I AM DEAD

When I am dead and in earth's bosom lying
 Let no sad tear
Rise with the winds that round me vainly sighing
 Shall linger near;
For peace to me is only with the dying,
 When death is dear

When in my cell I am eternal sleeping
 'Neath yonder ground,
Let no sad burst of deep, impassioned weeping
 Or pious sound
Forever o'er my form their vigil keeping
 Disturb my mound.

Nor tearful eye wet with emotioned grieving
 Become a slave
To bitterest passions, vainly conceiving
 The rest I crave,
The waiting crown that angel hands are weaving
 Beyond the grave.

When o'er me sad the whippoorwill is calling
 In mournful strain,
And on my grave the evening dew is falling
 Like gentle rain
Shall I rejoice in death, no more recalling
 A life of pain.

When o'er me fierce the wintry winds are blowing
 The faded rose
That once, as I, a brighter moment knowing
 Now seeks repose
In sweet oblivion, where tears ceased flowing,
 No griefs disclose.

Then shall I know no sweeter, fairer ending
Than that of death
To a life of sorrows forever blending
In one sad breath;
Oh, God! no dearer gift your hand is sending
To soothe regret.

When 'neath the icy hail and bitter snowing
My grave is white,
And Winter's wrath God's hand is wildly sowing
In the dark night,
At rest at last my vision rapt is knowing
A fairer sight.

When in yon vale the lark is sweetly singing
With matchless breath
And o'er me fast the gentle buds are springing
Should I regret
The endless charms that Spring is widely flinging
Around me yet?

Ah, no; I never knew their transient glory,
My joys were few,
When the cold earth shorn of its mantle hoary
In splendor grew,
Ah, no, alas! Life's sadly bitter story
Alone I knew.

Then weep not o'er my humble body lying
With lifeless breath
'Neath Summer joys and woes of Winter sighing
No vain regret;
Remember thou, that I, when softly dying
Found rest in death.

MEMORY

Softly in the glimmering west a crimson hue
Like some fair purple gown of rarest make
Adorns again the erstwhile smiling skies of blue,
And silence guards the waters of the lake.

Afar, the whippoorwill's sad notes are gently borne
On dying breezes faint with rare perfume,
Each fitful wail e'er rendering more forlorn
A hapless solitude o'erhung with gloom.

Alone I sit and sadly gaze o'er meadows green,
Perchance enraptured by the subtle hand
Of splendid nature robed, but far from this fair
scene
My aching thoughts are in a fairer land.

Do you remember, love, that distant, happy night
Of years gone by, when you and I were young;
When hand in hand we gazed upon a rarer sight
And praised the songs then ah! so sweetly sung?

The sun was setting then, my dear, e'en as it now
With perfect splendor gilds the western sky,
Then vying with the wondrous beauty of your brow,
Ah! you were happy then and so was I.

The same sad whippoorwill as now besought our
praise
Which with our prayer was freely given;
Alas! my dear, how memory clings to other days
And renders sacred one who is in heaven.

Do you remember, dear, how, as the twilight fell,
We paused before the gate to say good-bye,
Though it was dusk I read your tender glances well,
And then, we fondly parted with a sigh.

Nay, nay; you cannot answer now, these anguished
tears

That trickle slowly down my furrowed cheek
Awake again the poignant grief of by-gone years
And force the bitter truth I cannot speak

With painful steps and thoughts far from this
charming scene

Bowed with the deepest grief I sadly tread
The winding pathway fair that once proclaimed you
queen,

Where oft we paused beside the hamlet's dead.

Ah! e'en as then the quaint church spire still softly
gleams

Through moaning boughs swept by the evening
breeze,

The old bell tower still there, no different seems
Than when its chimes pealed 'mid the elm trees.

E'en as I pause, each silv'ry note unceasing blends
That calls the village folk to evening prayer,
Beneath his wonted task the same old sexton bends
Though years have turned to white his raven
hair.

Methinks again, sweetheart, beneath those spreading
elms.

Thou walkest, fairest of the countryside,
But I am wrong, and bitterest grief still o'erwhelms
My aching heart that mourns for one who died.

Ah! dearest; how my heart with anguish deep oft
swells

While flooding memories cling to scenes of yore,
Each sacred strain love's broken tale again retells
In mournful dirge o'er one who is no more.

Alas! the whippoorwill's sad notes still softly call
E'en as his ling'ring wail dies on the air,
Beside thy grave alone I stand, while hot tears fall
O'er one long since a hapless tenant there.

HUMANITY

Let who-so-e'er come to your door
Turn not in wrath away,
But bear in mind oft in the poor
God moulds His noblest clay.

Then open wide thy welcome door
That all the poor who stray
May pause uncensured on thy floor
And live to bless the day.

Let not the heartless instinct gain
The mastery o'er thy mind,
For every soul thou givest pain
The Lord will pay in kind.

Strive to allay Life's bitter pain,
Sneer not at him who begs,
For you, yourself, may some day drain
Life's sorrow to the dregs.

Let soothing words your motto be,
Stretch forth a helping hand
To him who aid has asked of thee
And not deriding stand;

For as you measure to the world
God measures back to you,
The scorn an angry man has hurled
His conscience lives to rue.

Ne'er pass the wretched sinner by,
Oh, pause, if but to cast
One kindly glance, one kindred sigh,
The good they do will last.

Let harsh rebuke to others fall,
'Tis poison framed in speech,
Speak gently, then, or not at all,
And practice what you preach.

If e'er to angry mood inclined
Just force a pleasant smile,
'Tis nobler far you'll always find,
And better worth your while.

Kind words are spoken ne'er in vain,
But each its mission hath
To soothe the soul, to ease the pain
Oft met with in Life's path.

The wretched being oft but needs
One kindly spoken word
To turn him from the path that leads
Where tempted souls are lured.

No fault can e'er be classed so great
That we may not forgive,
Meek penance, though 'tis rather late,
The fault will far outlive.

One loving glance, one gentle smile
Will ease a world of pain;
Life's saddest hours they oft beguile,
Force sunshine out of rain.

Dull frowning flees before the laugh
As leaves in Autumn's gale,
And grief is lessened by one half
Where softened words prevail.

A hasty word in anger spoke
Hast oft changed smiles to sighs,
A frowning glance a heart has broke,
But kindness never dies.

Then always cheerful try to be
Though grief should weigh thee down,
The smile the poor receives from thee
Will banish someone's frown.

And always wear a pleasant look,
You can if you but would;
Vile, angry speech just scorn to brook,
Kind words do far more good.

Then all the world will seem to you
A paradise e'er more,
And peace will rest upon your view
Through Heaven's open door.

MAY

Soft from the verdant meadows perfumes steal
Like whispered words upon the list'ning ear,
And all the world enchanted, doth appear
Enraptured by the holy calm we feel.

Hail, lovely May, sweet harbinger of Spring,
Smiling month of verdant fields and flowers,
Christened by the breath of April's showers,
Thy sweetness charms the heart of ev'rything.

From yonder grassy vale the lark aspires
To breathe the sweetest efforts of a song,
Faint on the breeze his notes are borne along,
Rarer far than countless blending lyres.

The timid robin lifts his plaintive voice,
No sweeter song could mortal wish to hear,
His every note reminds us Spring is near,
And drooping hearts revive to soon rejoice.

I, too, once listened to that charming song
With something more than pleasure at my heart,
Glad would I be with this vain world to part,
Alas! for gentle Spring no more I long.

Oft doth the pangs of sorrow rend the life
That once was happy as its days were long,
O'erflowing once with joyous mirth and song
To sink at last 'neath hapless grief and strife.

What are the thoughtless joys of childhood days
Compared to trials man must undergo;
The world is full of wrath we do not sow,
And lurking scorn oft dulls the edge of praise.

Oft, gentle month, thy fragrance brings relief
To many hearts less known to care than mine;
God grant for them the sun may always shine,
For me, alas! the tear speaks not my grief.

Fain would I lay my weary burdens down
And seek that rest in life I ne'er may gain,
The heartless hours increase my weight of pain
And Nature guards my suff'rings with a frown.

Some distant day may seek my fond release,
Alas! too soon that moment cannot come,
A boon to me, abhorred perhaps by some,
Yet ending all my weary cares in peace.

TREACHERY OF MONTEITH

Ten thousand curses on his head,
Ten thousand on his name,
Unhonored lies he, cold and dead,
Who sullied Scotia's fame.

Yea; cold and still in Death's embrace
The traitor, Monteith, lies;
In life abhorred by Scotland's race.
And scorned by them he dies.

He sold his native land for gold,
His dearest friend for fame,
For him no mourning dirge is tolled,
Disgraced his very name.

No gentle hand to close his eyes,
Deserted now in death
No mourner lingers near with sighs
Or tokens of regret.

No friend to gaze through honest tears
Upon his upturned face,
No loving word the death room cheers,
No vestige of his race.

No hand to smooth his wearied brow
That grief has furrowed deep,
No tears to fall above him now,
No chant to guard his sleep.

But coldly sad and silent all,
A bitter mock'ry now
'Twould seem hath seized Death's heavy pall
That settles o'er his brow.

The setting sun's last splendid gaze
Doth scorn his wretched bed,
Where, screened in darkness from his rays,
Dishonor shrouds the dead.

Ah! who would sell his honest name
More dear to him than gold,
For ill-timed wealth, for hated fame,
Increased a thousand fold.

The traitor's grave in ruin lies,
A spot abhorred by all;
The cynosure of scornful eyes
That sneer at his downfall.

No passing tribute breathes a spell
O'er his despised remains,
No bursts of praise or raptures swell
To purge life's blackest stains.

For cursed in life, thrice cursed in death
By those whom he betrayed
Shame waits upon his latest breath
That fear would have delayed.

Delayed that he with penance meek
A nobler end might win,
The pardon of his nation seek
Forgiveness of his sin.

Alas! the man who waits for death
To right his grievous sins
Has nothing left but vain regret
When the Reaper's task begins.

Oh! who would die as traitors die,
Scorned by the entire world,
To have in place of tear and sigh
Contempt upon them hurled.

If such a human creature lives
Beware of Monteith's fate;
The injured nation ne'er forgives
When once aroused to hate.

Learn then to tread a righteous path
And scorn life's evil ways,
The more you strive to stay God's wrath
The more you seek His praise.

Perchance the soul of Wallace breathes
Forgiveness from on high,
But who is there that pines and grieves
When Monteith learns to die!

His countrymen condemn his birth,
His memory they despise,
The meanest creature on the earth
Far nobler in their eyes.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL

Mute now it hangs upon the wall
To gleam at mem'ry's will,
The sword that answered freedom's call,
The sword of Bunker Hill.

With rust the sturdy blade is dim
That once with blood was red,
When 'neath the pealing battle hymn
It flashed above the dead.

Where thundering cannon rudely spoke
It pierced the heart and brain
Swift as the lightning's deadly stroke
Doth rend the sky in twain.

Where charged the crimson-coated foes
Across the bloody field,
Before the valor of its blows
The vaunted Saxons reeled.

Above the battle's deaf'ning roar
Aloft with valiant pride
A gallant hand that weapon bore
By Warren's sturdy side.

A hand that guided once the plough
O'er staunch New England soil,
A hand, a heart, a noble brow,
That lived by honest toil.

Thus the son of seventy-five
Had spurned the foreign yoke
Beneath which foes had bade him strive
Till one stout heart had broke.

But sturdy as the soil he trod,
With breast that knew no fear,
He left his home in care of God
And sought the conflict near.

He spurned the ploughshare for the sword,
The sickle for the gun,
When Britain's armies swiftly poured
Their hosts on Lexington.

And when the red-coats from the bay
Charged with a scornful glance
Behind the breastworks stern he lay
And watched their lines advance.

How well he fought the foe that day
His lonely sword will tell,
For where that morn he stoutly lay
At noon he bravely fell.

He strove to die and not to yield,
Their power he defied,
They found him on the battlefield
Where he had nobly died.

His sword was lying by his side
Where he had let it fall,
They took it home, his Nation's pride,
And hung it on the wall.

And there it hung through countless years,
And there it hangs to-day,
To bring us back with mem'ry's tears
To that far distant day.

When flashed its steel at freedom's call,
To wave defiance, till
Its owner, pierced by British ball
Expired on Bunker Hill.

All honor to that precious blade,
Let time revere it still,
Its might a stalwart Nation made
On grim old Bunker Hill.

MY BESSIE

No blossom fairer ever grew,
Nor e'en this wide world ever knew
A maiden half so fair as you,
My Bessie.

Your face is like the dawn of morn,
No fairer brow the sun shone on,
And sadness reigned when you had gone,
My Bessie.

Thine eyes of Heaven's rarest blue
Matched roguish lips of crimson hue,
And dimpled cheeks so rosy, too,
My Bessie.

Sweet was the gracious smile thou gave,
No rarer gift a king might crave,
Alas! that smile made me thy slave,
My Bessie.

How in my youth I gazed on thee
And yet thou answered not my plea,
Nor love within my eyes could see,
My Bessie.

Ah; would that thou hadst only known
How fond my love for thee had grown,
How longed I to call thee my own,
My Bessie.

Ah; sadly falls the silent tear
That mourns the loss of one so dear;
That voice I never more can hear,
My Bessie.

I still can see thy charming face,
A vision time can ne'er replace,
For life has almost run its race,
My Bessie.

Alas; I journey on through life
Forsaken, racked by hidden strife,
And thou—perhaps another's wife,
My Bessie.

E'en so, the love within my heart
Shall never from thy memory part
Though every pang fresh tears doth start,
My Bessie.

And when this form is laid away
Deep in the grave, a lifeless clay,
Ah! thither may thy footsteps stray,
My Bessie.

MALVERN HILL

"Now forward, men!" with flashing eye the Union
leader spoke,
As flushed with eager pride dashed they headlong
through fire and smoke;
The bullets rained about them fast, the cannon
thundered still
As onward plunged his gallant men up Malvern's
awful hill.

A thousand cries were stilled in death, and yet a
thousand more,
"Now forward, seize those rebel guns; that rebel
standard lower!"
Alas! the lines of gray advance, the bugle sharp and
shrill,
Resounds the deafening Southern charge, on Mal-
vern's fatal hill.

Thrice did the solid ranks of gray assail the Union
front;
Thrice did the ragged lines of blue uphold the bat-
tle's brunt;
Their cheers undaunted rend the air, their hearts
with fervor thrill,
What if they die? Their lives are but the price of
Malvern Hill.

And who would not give up his life to stem the dire
disgrace
That spread its gloomy pall above the pride of man-
hood's race!
What nobler cause could they aspire than cher-
ished graves to fill
Upon the bloodstained battle slopes of grim old
Malvern Hill.

Again the bugle sounds the charge, again the ranks
advance
With death and bitter hatred flashed in every burn-
ing glance;
What though the rebels' blades are keen, what
though their bullets kill?
'Tis nobler far to die than yield on Malvern's bleed-
ing hill.

"May God protect the Union flag," the Northern
troopers cried
As one by one they wounded fell and one by one
they died.
Aye; high above the battle's smoke and proudly
floating still
The Union stars and stripes waved o'er the brow
of Malvern Hill.

The cannon thundered from their heights and flashed
a warning cry
To all who saw the lurid glare of war bright in the
sky.
Alas! for those whose ghastly forms with brows so
calm and still
Gleamed through the maddening smoke and hell of
Malvern's bloody hill.

Their's was the sleep of righteous death, the weary
gray and blue
But one immortal Judge was left to choose between
the two,
And choosing, He who made them both by His su-
premist will,
Reclaimed the stricken heroes of the strife at Mal-
vern Hill.

Both fought for what they thought was right; both
died a noble death;
Both cheered the flag their comrades bore with mar-
tyr's dying breath,
And though the one brave heart was wrong, his
name is sacred still,
He fought for love and duty on the slopes of Mal-
vern Hill.

The weary years roll slowly on and swiftly one by
one
Like Springtime's blossoms wilting in the Autumn's
setting sun
The hoary veterans yield at last to one Almighty
will,
And meet God as they met the foe on Malvern's
bloody hill.

LOVE'S DREAM

Oh! I strayed all alone while the twilight was falling
By the waters reflecting the moon's gentle beam,
And I fancied, my love, that your soft voice was
calling
In the night's dewy breath wafted o'er the pale
stream.

Ah! were it not fancy, then with heart all elated
Would I seek thee, my fair one, to pour forth
my love,
And like the lone pilgrim whom the storm hath
belated,
Would I trust for my answer in Him who's
above.

But alas! far away from my darling I languish,
And I sigh for the rose that once swayed in the
breeze,
Whose shy crimson blushes made my heart throb
with anguish;
Oh! my thoughts speak of one far beyond the
blue seas.

In the fields as I stray in the bright, early morning,
The flowers all droop sadly and something tells me
When the tread of the stranger their glances are
scorning
They are pining, my sweetheart, in sorrow, for thee.

Though dark seas may divide us and the ocean's
dull roar
In low, mournful cadence still break on my ear,
The mem'ries I cherish e'er shall grieve more and
more,
And mingle their sadness with the soft falling tear.

A DREAM AND A VISION

Oh! I rested one day near a clear crystal fountain
Springing forth from the ground 'neath the foot
of a tree,
Where shadows descending from a high, rugged
mountain
Cast a pall o'er the waters that sparkled with
glee.

All unconscious I sat as the low, drowsy murmur
Of bees with their treasures now invaded the
air,
And I dreamed while slumber would impress me
the firmer,
That a maiden stood by me, most charming and
fair.

Ah; her eyes were of blue like the clear blue adorn-
ing
Oft the bright smiling skies of a mild summer's
day,
While her cheeks like the gay rosy hue of the morn-
ing
Were deep-tinted with red where the shy blushes
play.

And her teeth shone like pearls from the depths of
the ocean,
'Neath the lips, ruby red, that her laughter had
curved;
Ah! vain Cupid in all his entrancing devotion
No mistress as charming could ever have served.

I awoke with a start when the sun brightly shining
High above in the pale azure dome of the skies
Spread his myriad rays where fair Nature reclining
Seemed radiant with beauty that dazzled my
eyes.

In the stillness the low sil'vry laugh of a maiden
 Floated full on the breeze wafted back from the
 hills,
And the calm, tranquil air with its echoes was laden
 While my fond beating heart answered back with
 soft thrills.

Quick I sprang to my feet, for her bright glances
 taunted,
 But she glided from view with a shy, wreathing
 smile;
Alas! how my mem'ry that vision has haunted,
 My dull, lonely hours it has served to beguile.

For the maidenly form clad in youth's crowning
 glory
 Was the image of one whom I loved all in vain;
Thus, alas! twice renewed was shy Cupid's sad
 story,
 Many love oft with joy but too often with pain.

MELANCHOLY

Love like the tiny mountain sprite
Oft steals upon us in the night,
 Blissful dream.
Filling two hearts with untold joy
Shy, blushing maiden, ardent boy,
 Plot and scheme.

Ah, would that I, as young and free
And happy as that pair could be
 And as gay,
Old I may seem though young in years,
For grief has changed my smile to tears,
 My hair to gray.

Grief, too, has bowed my weary head
All hope has vanished, Love is dead,
 Still I live.
Oh; that my God would gaze on me
And then in answer to my plea
 Mercy give.

Alas; I falter in the road,
E'er bent beneath my bitter load
 Of sorrow.
Sharp thorns have paved my weary way,
For rest and peace come not to-day
 Or morrow.

Thus through this life I journey on
All of my old ambition gone,
 Death I crave,
For death alone can end my grief
No wonder then I seek relief
 In the grave.

THE OLD COW PATH

Ah; it used to lead across the fields where verdant
blossoms grew.
Where in the early breaking morn they glistened
in the dew
That from the azure skies above in perfumed melt-
ing showers
Wooed the fragrance deep and lasting oft of the
Springtime flowers.

Through the woodland, deep and sombre, where
the moaning elm trees
Swayed their massive boughs in answer to the woo-
ing of the breeze,
Thence beyond the gently sloping vale a winding
course it took
Till it crossed the rude, old-fashioned bridge that
arched the running brook.

Oft as the twilight shadows fell and my daily tasks
were done
Mute I stood beside that rustic bridge and watched
the setting sun.
Oh; how little then I knew of life, its worldly
cares and wrath,
When as homeward bound I used to toil along the
old cow path.

Ah; those mem'ries of my childhood, how they cast
a wistful charm
O'er the happy hours made sacred on that old New
England farm.
Once again, a tender vision wakes, when sorrows
curb their wrath,
And my sire's guiding voice I hear, along the old
cow path.

Just beyond the stout old oaken bars that opened
from the lane,
Oft I seem to see his sturdy form and hear his
voice again.
Aye; that cheery voice now still, alas; these many
weary years,
For his name alone is sacred in the silent flow of
tears.

In the little village churchyard where the crooning
whippoorwill
Wakes the breathless calm of even when the coun-
tryside is still,
There he lies beneath the sodden ground, a fairer
home he hath,
And his sturdy steps resound no more upon the old
cow path.

There my mother, too, is sleeping, deep down in her
lonely bed;
There, too, God grant, my form shall rest when
I'm numbered with the dead.
Yea; when life is ebbing fast away with death the
aftermath,
May my weary eyes close once for all upon the old
cow path.

Many years have passed since last I trod upon its
yielding soil;
Long years of bitterest hardships, weary years of
pain and toil.
Yet I wonder if it still is there, if still that charm
it hath
As oft when young I used to toil along the old cow
path.

Yea; and if that little schoolhouse that topped the
 neighboring hill
Is standing where it used to stand, echoing boyish
 laughter still.
If some mischievous youthful swain now plots where
 once I sat
Gazing out with fondest rapture then upon the old
 cow path.

Ah! to-night I sit and ponder in the silence of my
 room,
And the softly dying firelight casts weird shadows
 in the gloom.
Slowly one by one they fade away; their flight no
 sorrow hath
Till my eyes with longing gaze again upon the old
 cow path.

Oh; would that my footsteps back again could wend
 their joyous way
To the rustic little hamlet where I first saw light
 of day.
Oh; to see the daisies bloom again: to hear the
 thrushes sing,
And see the radiant fields and vales alive again with
 Spring.

Years may come and deeper sorrow rest upon my
 weary brow,
And the hand of Time may banish all the joy of
 living, now,
But age can never alter, nor can poverty's direst
 wrath
Blast that simple, childish longing for my boyhood's
 old cow path.

RETROSPECTION

To-day the last brown leaves are softly falling
Lifeless to Autumn's cold and barren ground,
And, in lingering sadness all around
Now breathes alas; the Winter's cheerless calling.

To-day my heart is veiled in heavy sorrow,
As list I to the moaning of the breeze,
Murmuring overhead in withered trees,
Weighed with bitterest tidings of the morrow.

When once again in yonder orchard meeting
Beneath the dreary sighing of the boughs,
Where we had plighted oft love's sweetest vows,
Shall we in sorrow take our farewell greeting.

There oft in Spring the radiant skies above
Shone brightly with a tender, spotless hue;
When every thought was, dear, of you,
And every sound to me was one of love.

There, too, in days gone by, with perfume rarest
The apple blossoms fluttered to the ground
And nestled in the grass without a sound,
And all the dawning world seemed at its fairest.

And as if its little breast were freed from strife
The lark was sweetly singing overhead,
And all that through the Winter long lay dead
Sprang swiftly into beauty and to life.

Ah! that we should meet again and here, to part
Where we had learned to love in rural peace.
Must all these ardent raptures sadly cease?
Yea; and must we bear the longing of the heart?

To part, perhaps forever; God only knows,
For life is ever at the stern command
Of Him who makes or crushes with His hand
The mountain or the smallest flower that grows.

Be it so, then, dear, accept my last good-byes,
And though thy gentle heart should some day
 yearn,
And though my footsteps nevermore return,
Pray forget the tears now glist'ning in my eyes.

And lifeless shall I here forget, but not above,
The gentle eyes that once looked into mine
With tender glow, with loving light divine,
Ah! there shall I wait for thee, my only love.

FOLLY

The miser who in life does naught but save
To leave his all behind him at the grave
Reminds me of the man, who once in love,
Trifled with that gift inspired above.
For two young maidens, both with luring art,
Had long lain siege to his devoted heart,
And, loving both, between he could not choose,
For wedding one, the other he must lose;
So doth he leave the question of his fate,
The choosing for him of his future mate
For time to plan, but ere could time decide
Each maiden, growing old, became a bride,
And he, who with a weak and selfish mind
Which to either's fairer charms remained blind,
Who, to choose between his loves, had been loath,
In clinging to the two, thus lost them both.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON

In the far off St. Helena, the stricken monarch lay,
His life tide ebbing slowly as still slowly ebbs the
day;
The blood red glow of sunset as it sparkled on the
pane
Streamed in and glinted strangely on his worn and
wasted frame.

His lips had lost their firmness but the light of
former days
Still blazed 'neath active eyelids that lo! in the sun's
last rays
Had lost their tired drooping and alert with haughty
pride
Betokened that the exile lived though cherished
hopes had died.

Ah! something in his bosom smote the dying man
with grief,
His voice rose low in murmurs as in search of vain
relief,
A sad, wan smile of sorrow twitched the corners of
his mouth
And rising on his elbow ere the spark of life burned
out—

"I am dying, Frenchmen, dying," now spake he,
sad and low,
And his face all pale and ghastly for a moment
caught the glow
That on the field of battle 'mid the roar of grape
and shell
Had held in check the eager foe who sank beneath
its spell.

And he wonders, half in fancy, if those whom he
once led
Will seek his grave in sorrow when his fragile form
is dead;
Will they follow him at parting, who led them to
the fray,
When Victory lays her sword down, weeping o'er
his lifeless clay?

Ah, yes; in broken numbers still he sees the old
guard near
But the eager eye of battle is dimmed now with a
tear,
One by one the grizzled soldiers who cheered him
in war's strife
March on in death behind him as he led them once
in life.

A moment only, happy, then his face is drawn with
woe
As he pictures in his anguish the last and fatal
blow;
His cheeks are flushed and burning with the only
shame he knew
And his memory is reviving the scenes of Waterloo.

"If Blucher had but stayed away," his face is bit-
ter now,
While thoughts of Grouchy's tardy aid bring stern-
ness to his brow,
Alas! the world is ever thus and hopes we prize too
much
Like victories when within our grasp oft vanish at
our touch.

The glare of burning Moscow fills the dying soldier's eyes
And he shudders as the red flames mount higher in the skies,
Anon his face is ashen 'neath the rigors of retreat,
And he sees his soldiers falling dead and dying at his feet.

In Russia's bleak and cheerless snows, their bodies worn and thin
Present unspoken bitter woes that war hath ushered in;
Countless drawn features, pinched with want, and drooping eyelids set
Peer forth from great white barren wastes, convulsed in throes of death.

The tinge of sadness deepens in the exiled monarch's face,
Anon his heart is pleading for the welfare of his race,
Again that flush of eager pride steals through the saddened hues
And the pulse of mighty victory its changing course pursues.

Across the snowy-laden Alps, in pathways of success,
Braving unknown perils and dangers and scorning gaunt distress,
His course is ever onward—then, alas, he breathes a sigh;
“All is over! I am dying, friends; Paris—France—good-bye.”

WHEN THOU HAST GROWN OLD

Friend; when thou hast grown old, and sad, and
weary,

And life has parted from its youthful way;
Remember of the joys now grown so dreary
That cherished passion of a distant day.

Remember, when within thy heart is stealing
The first unhappy thought of ageing years;
Remember still that soft, that tender feeling,
That it may stem the tide of flowing tears.

Whene'en thy step, that once with youth was spring-
ing,

Now totters on with slow and painful stride,
And every year its bitter cares is bringing
To cast their burden by thy weary side;

When eyes are dim that once with pride were glow-
ing;

And youth, alas! has aged unto decay,
And thou art reaping grief not of thy sowing,
And life is but a mournful yesterday;

When thou hast felt the winter of existence
Embrace thee with a cold, unfeeling grasp,
And every little joy with stern persistence
Eludes thy vain and sadly longing clasp;

Turn to the one who by thy side still lingers,
That gentle heart thou wooed so long ago;
And clasping in thy hand her loving fingers,
Forget each passing year, forget its woe.

Remember only thy infinite gladness
When first thou claimed her as a loving bride,
And remembering, spurn the longing sadness
That, too, alas! would linger by thy side.

Alone of all the friends who eased thy sorrow
Doth she, thy cherished sweetheart, still remain
To conquer griefs of each to-day and morrow
By matching love against each bitter pain.

TO A WILD RED ROSE

Gentle flower: sweet harbinger of Spring,
Smiling in the transient hours of early dawn.
What blissful memories doth thy blossoms bring,
And what beauty is in thy sweet presence born.

Like a vision from the skies is thy rare smile
So charming that my saddened thoughts rejoice;
Oft the lonely hours of life doth thou beguile
With a faultless beauty that no tongue can voice.

When in the morn I stray in yonder fields
Oft thy cherished fragrance fills the balmy air;
Naught but dearest love for thee, my bosom shields,
Fain would my wandering footsteps linger there.

In vain do other passing scenes disclose
Their guileless raptures to this world of scorn,
But thou, alone, my little wild red rose,
To move the heart thy soulful charms were born.

Other flowerets gay, perhaps as fair,
Linger in the shade where rests the falling dew,
But thou, of all, possess that beauty rare
That thou alone and only thou e'er knew.

And when at last no more can I recall
Thy raptured greeting where first thy joys I
found,
And one by one thy tiny leaflets fall
To tender ruin on a faithless ground,

May I, too, leave this dreary world of pain
And like thee, all forgotten be my grave,
And resurrected e'en as thou, live once again
Far nobler for the humble life I gave.

WEARY

I weary of this life, its fruitless labors
 And endless load,
For luck and I have long been distant neighbors
 On Fortune's road.

I weary of this strife and hapless sorrow,
 Each dawning day
Bears tidings of a dark and sadder morrow
 E'er on its way.

I weary of Life's crop, that stunted growing
 Shall never yield.
Of reaping naught for years of patient sowing
 In this vain field.

And sick at heart I am forever straying
 O'er barren ways,
While parted lips in anguish deep are praying
 For brighter days.

For me no cloud hath e'er a silv'ry lining
 To cheer my eyes;
Long years ago the sun for me ceased shining
 Through rifted skies.

My restless feet have long grown weak and weary,
 I know no rest;
Still of my efforts to this world so dreary,
 I give my best.

But all in vain, for from my wretched sowing
 I ne'er shall reap.
Ah! wouldst my soul rejoice in ever knowing
 Eternal sleep.

For I am old, and all the world is sighing
 With vain regret.
God grant me this, my only hope when dying—
 A happy death.

The end is near, Life's sun is slowly setting
 In western skies,
And tears of joy in silence now are wetting
 My closing eyes.

Soon shall the world that shone through prisoned
 grating
 Forget me, save
As the still, cold corpse thus in death awaiting
 Its humble grave.

TO MARGARET

When God thy being didst create
 By impulse driven,
Thy form He from His angels traced,
And in thine eyes He must have placed
 The light of heaven.

An angel to this earth He sent
 Fresh from His fond embrace,
For from the beauty at command
Sought He the rarest in His land
 And moulded thy sweet face.

Aye; fairer than the sunset rays
 That shine through prison bars,
Is that soft glow from tender eyes
Revealing where in secret lies
 The beauty of the stars.

LIFE'S NOBLEST PATH

The good you do will outlive you
And make a world regret you;
The bad will make your dying sad,
And help all to forget you.

The golden deed in time of need
Will make your mem'ry cherished;
But who shall praise your evil ways
When you have sadly perished.

Each noble thought, each good deed wrought
Shall merit praise undying;
But fame is blind to that weak mind
Beneath the tombstone lying.

The gentle word that kindness lured
Will strew your grave with flowers;
But wrath alone you can't atone
In life's last bitter hours.

If you would leave behind to grieve
A world that watched your labors,
Then while alive forever strive
To help your fallen neighbors.

ERIN

Oh, Erin! thou pearl of the far distant ocean;
Thou gem of the waters sun kissed and serene,
And shrine of the exile's expiring devotion,
E'er clad in thy verdure of emerald green.

Thrice blest with the gifts of luxuriant beauty
And hallowed by thoughts of a glorious past,
Hard though thy lot is and repulsive thy duty
Encircled thy charms in the enemy's grasp.

Bowed though thy aged peasant and sadly forsaken
By friends who in youth paused to question his
sigh,
Yet shall thy mute harp soon exultant awaken
To echo sweet strains lest fair Freedom should
die.

For Freedom still sleeps in the heart of thy moun-
tains,
It plays in the breezes that beat on thy shores,
It perfumes thy meadows, it springs from thy foun-
tains,
And companions the lark as it heavenward soars.

It throbs in the heart of the stout Irish peasant,
And it brightens the exile's proud, haughty gaze,
Its whispers have made his sad sojourn more pleas-
ant
As rays from the sun will the darkest of days.

Erin! Oh, Erin! thy sad yoke is oppressing,
But hopes comes each morning its light to renew,
Then banish with patience all omens distressing
And strive for the freedom your ancient days
knew.

Then mild be the years on the fair, blushing island
And gentle the fall of the clear, glist'ning dew
That sprinkles each meadow, each valley and high-
land

'Neath skies all resplendent with dawn's rosy hue.

Oh; spare the dear blossom that blooms on the water
Thou chill wintry wind, as in anger thou speed
O'er the sea as it mourns with its sad, weeping
daughter,

With brow drooping low like some fair broken
reed.

The wind answered not as the grim desolation
Appealed to his senses, so bleak and unkind,
But fawned as he passed on the grief-stricken nation
With breath all expressive of woe left behind.

So may the whole world all its mercies combining
Look down on the meek, forlorn isle of unrest,
Where Liberty, chained but alive, is reclining
Defiantly waving her proud, valiant crest.

VAIN HOPE

Vain hope is like the falling of a star
That for a moment flashes from afar
A moment only, and brighter growing,
Yet how swiftly from our vision going
Outlined against the azure of the sky,
A gorgeous panorama to the eye,
Till, with the subtle suddenness of death,
Its trail of living fire we soon regret,
For where the dark clouds the blue skies sever,
Its flash is brightest, then gone forever.

PONDER

Ponder, ere you would rebuke,
Let patient judgment teach
That you may long regret the word
That sudden anger foully lured
Into the form of speech.

Ponder, lest you lose a friend
By thoughtless word or deed,
For as you journey on through life
The prey of constant bitter strife
Firm friends are what you need.

Ponder, ere your angry glance
The evil has begun,
For oft when on Life's ocean tossed
A scornful frown the day has lost
Which laughter would have won.

Ponder, ere you would reply
In anger or in scorn,
To smooth away from Life's stern path
Ill-omened thorns of hasty wrath
Was patience wisely born.

Ponder, lest a thoughtless act
Would later cause you pain,
The good you've done its crown has won
But evil when 'tis once begun
Is hard to right again.

THE EXILE

Oh! disturb not the grave where the exile is lying
In Death's cold embraces forgotten and lone;
Where the bleak wintry winds as they pass wildly
sighing
Forget their harsh mission and pensively moan.

For all England's stern yoke could not bow thy soul
under,
Thou, proud, martyred son of the fairest of isles,
And the land that thy stern foes would fain rend
asunder
Still lives to bequeath thee her saddest of smiles.

Far away on the cold desert sands of an island
Stern silence stands guard o'er thy rough, lowly
bed,
Save when the fierce vulture sweeping down from
the highland
Oft chants its weird dirge o'er the grave of the
dead.

When the first flush of dawn, charming sunset of
morning,
Gilds the broad ocean wave with its bright, tran-
sient glow,
When the pale azure blue of the heavens is dawn-
ing
And dull mists have vanished from earth far
below.

Ah! then like a rose 'mid the wastes of the heather
Still blooms the lone grave on that bleak foreign
shore,
Scarred not by time fleeting not the wrath of the
weather,
Still shielding the breast that will know life no
more.

Alas! there when the soft shades of twilight are fall-
ing,
And dark clouds of even creep o'er the pale sky,
Then how sadly the plover's shrill music is calling,
E'er mourning for him whom they brought there
to die.

Yea; and oft when the pale rays of Luna descending
Would hallow thy grave with their fair, transient
flame,
Oh! harken, ye sad winds, to that tale never ending,
He died all alone, but he died not in vain.

For the cause he espoused still doth live on forever
Though the grasp of the tyrants shall trail in the
dust,
The standard of freedom and their flaunting hands
sever
The last ray of hope, the staunch patriot's trust.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART

Two eyes bright as the heaven's blue,
That laughter's seeds are sowing;
Two cheeks of softest crimson hue
Like ripened roses glowing.

A brow white as the driven snows
Fresh from the skies above her;
The quaintest little turned up nose
That somehow makes me love her.

Two lips red as the cherries grow,
Whose smile is Love's best teacher;
The sweetest little mouth I know
God ever gave to creature.

Two rows of tiny pearls beneath
That flash in merry laughter;
She is the only lass I meet
Who leaves a longing after.

Two feet that fairies well might boast,
So small, so cute and elfish;
Of all my friends, I love her most,
With love stanch and unselfish.

Two hands that working never cease,
Though fruitless all their labor;
Her smile would bring unto their knees
Both king and humblest neighbor.

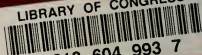
She's dearer to me far than gold,
And to you also, may be,
This little sweetheart, three years old,
And someone's blue-eyed baby.

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